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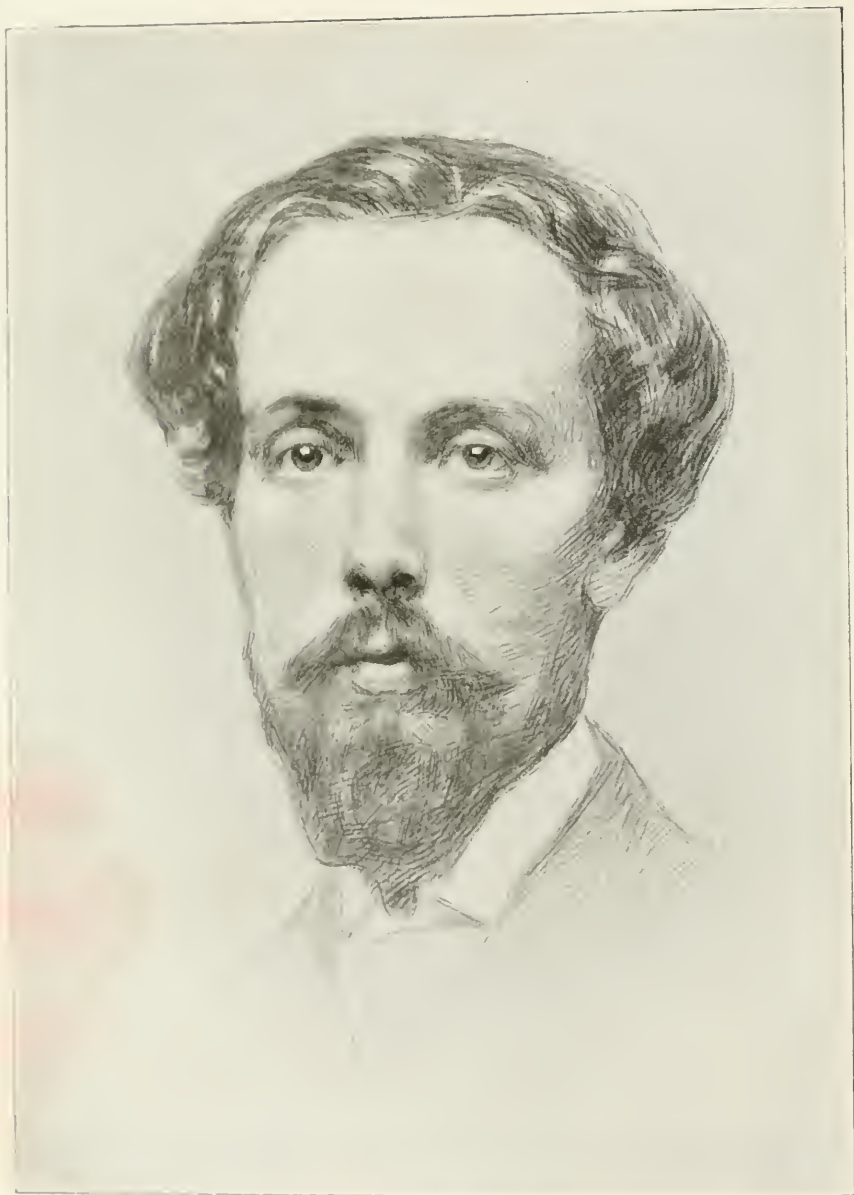


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JAMES FRANK REDFERN.

• *From a crayon drawing by Chisholm, in 1865, in the possession of Mrs. Redfern.*

The Hampstead Annual.

1902.

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William Blake and John Varley arguing

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The Assembly and Pump Rooms (now demolished)

From the original Painting by E. H. DIXON
The Gardens of the Assembly and Pump Rooms

From the original Painting by E. H. DIXON
Hampstead Assembly Dance

Copied from an old piece of music by A. W. BENTLEY
The Long Room in the Eighteenth Century

Copied from an old engraving after Chatelain, *by* A. W. BENTLEY

Weatherall House (the Long Room) in 1902

Weatherall House from the Garden F. COLMER

The Fountain, Well Walk }

Madame Duval Dancing in the Long Room *From an old engraving*

Device of the Society of Philo-Investigists

Copied from an old engraving by A. W. BENTLEY
Old Advertisement Bill of The Park, Sion Gardens, Hampstead

Copied from the unique original

Hampstead Coat of Arms.



John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.*

BY DR. RICHARD GARNETT.

JOHNN LINNELL is one of the most distinguished of English painters, both in landscape and portrait. It is to the honour of Hampstead to have numbered him among her inhabitants, though only for a short time, and though, being obliged to keep up a house and studio in London, he was never entirely domiciled here. But the interest attaching to his residence is much enhanced by its having been the means of occasionally attracting to Hampstead a more remarkable artist still, William Blake, in his day styled *Pictor Ignotus*; but upon whom the full light of research has now been turned for half a century. Having been called upon to prepare at very short notice a paper to be read before this Society, I thought that I could not do better than avail myself of the information which lies ready to hand in Mr. Story's

* A Paper read to the Hampstead Heath Preservation Society at its Annual Meeting, March 20, 1902.

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

excellent life of Linnell, supplemented by some particulars from other sources, especially the life of that most poetical painter, Samuel Palmer, by his son, and the Diary of Crabb Robinson. Nor have I forgotten another remarkable artist, whose connection with Hampstead is only traceable in the visits he paid to Linnell, John Varley, better remembered, perhaps, as an astrologer than as a painter, but nevertheless memorable as one of the founders of the English water-colour school.

Linnell, at least, in that capacity of landscape painter to which he owes most of his celebrity, is commonly regarded as a Surrey painter, for the latter part of his long life was spent at Reigate, and this was the period during which he was exclusively devoted to landscape ; nor needed he, when living at Reigate, to go far from home to find subjects both attractive in themselves, and harmonising with his peculiar genius. In the early part of his life, however, he had no special connection with Surrey. He was born in Bloomsbury on June 16, 1792, and, in his youth, took his landscape subjects from the banks of the Thames, from the sea-coast near Hastings, and from the London parks. His principal source of income, however, was portrait painting, and in this, too, he greatly excelled. He was also an engraver, and occasionally engraved his own portraits, a circumstance worth noting, as, when he became known to Blake, their practice of a common art tended to cement their intimacy. We first hear of him at Hampstead in July, 1822, when he took Hope Cottage, North End. He would no doubt wish to procure a purer air for his growing young family, and the special impulse to this particular neighbourhood may have been imparted by the portrait he had painted of Lord Mansfield's daughter

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

a short time previously. We do not know whether the young lady had come down in her carriage to the painter's studio in unfashionable Cirencester Place; or whether Linnell may not, at least occasionally, have trudged up to Caen Wood. In the latter case he could not fail to be struck by the beauty of the neighbouring country, which Coleridge, then living at adjacent Highgate, was about this time pronouncing the most charming in the world. Hope Cottage was no doubt a delightful residence when Linnell entered it; in its present condition it resembles the Hope of Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy":

One fled past, a maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said;
But she looked more like Despair.

In the following year (August, 1823) Linnell lodged his family at Collins' Farm, North End, now called Wyldes. He liked the place so well that he took it altogether in March, 1824; and in 1826 he enlarged it, as though he contemplated a permanent stay. All this time, however, he was keeping on his studio in Cirencester Place, as sitters could not be expected to come up to Hampstead. He consequently had to spend most of his own time in town, and he may have found the double residence inconvenient. He was also enjoying prosperity, and found himself able to gratify the ambition of every artist to build himself a house and a studio to his own liking. He accordingly erected a residence for himself in Porchester Terrace, Bayswater, then a rural locality; and quitted Hampstead in 1828 or 1829. The house which he inhabited is still occupied and in good repair, but is understood to be in danger of being pulled down. Should this happen, its external appearance, at least, should be recorded by sketches or

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

photographs. As it has been recently visited by the Hampstead Antiquarian Society, we may trust that this is in no danger of being overlooked.

Five landscapes by Linnell, the subjects of which are taken from Hampstead or its neighbourhood, are mentioned in the list of his works. In addition to these, Mr. Story informs us, he "made a large number of sketches in the neighbourhood of his house, and used many of them in subsequent pictures. These sketches are still in existence, and very fine work they display." Should Hampstead ever possess an art gallery, it should be one of the first objects of the managers to acquire these as local in their character, and the work of one, who, at the time of their production, might, to a certain degree, be called a Hampstead painter. I may remark that a special interest attaches to Linnell's performances whether in landscape or in portrait, as he is one of the few painters by whom both these branches have been cultivated with equal zeal. Many famous artists have painted landscape accompaniments to their subject pictures; occasionally, as in Piero di Cosimo's "Cephalus and Aurora" at the National Gallery, the landscape has swallowed up the subject; others, such as Millais, have occasionally painted landscapes unassociated with figures; but few, like Linnell, have pursued both figure and landscape painting with vigour successively or simultaneously. Rembrandt and Gainsborough are, perhaps, the most remarkable instances.

We now come to Linnell's acquaintance with Blake. This began in 1818, when Linnell was living in Rathbone Place, where he remained only until the end of the year. The acquaintance came through Mr. George Cumberland of Bristol, an enlightened patron of art, who had long been known to Blake. Several of Blake's

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

letters to him are in the British Museum. The two men had this in common, that they both lived much in the spiritual world, though nothing could be less like the cloudy fluidity of the one than the hard clean-cut dogmatism of the other. A more material bond was that both practised the art of engraving, and had attained that stage of accomplishment when each knew something that he could teach the other. The fine engraving of Linnell's fine portrait of William Lowry appears to be a joint work, bearing both their names.

Linnell's acquaintance with Blake was most providential. Shortly after it had been formed, Blake lost his one steady patron, Butts, whose commissions had indeed of late years been restricted by reason of the difficulty he experienced in finding room for Blake's works ; he had taken so many !

Linnell came to the rescue, "discounting," says Gilchrist, "Blake's bill on posterity when no one else would." He commissioned the illustrations to Job, and when they were completed gave Blake a further commission to engrave them, which has done more than anything else to procure for him such popularity with the general public as he can be said to enjoy. He afterwards commissioned the Dante drawings, Blake's principal support in his last years. Of the grandeur of the Job designs it would be superfluous to speak. The Dante have excited more differences of opinion. I must own that I was disappointed with them when I saw them at the Royal Academy. The colouring appeared very crude. A deeper reason for dissatisfaction may perhaps be found in the difference in his mode of conception and that of the author he is illustrating. Dante, though treating of unearthly things, is above all writers accurate and precise to the minutest detail ; the mysteries of his

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

spiritual world are inner mysteries ; his description is exempt from all trace of vagueness. Blake's conceptions are indefinite, and suggestive of more than mortal can express. He had, in fact, before illustrating Dante's *Inferno*, designed his own, and it was very unlike Dante's. In return for Linnell's kindness, he presented him with the mystical poem "Vala," written, or at least commenced more than twenty years before, the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ* of the Blake devotee.

All this would have been nothing to us as inhabitants of Hampstead, if it had not operated to bring Blake here as Linnell's guest. I grieve to confess that Hampstead did not in all respects commend itself to him, and that he thought it weakest where we deem it strongest, namely : in the point of salubrity. He says in a letter :—

"The Hampstead air, as it always did, so I fear it will do this time, except it be the morning air, and that I found I could bear with safety, and perhaps benefit. When I was young, Hampstead, Highgate, Hornsey, Muswell Hill, and even Islington, and all places north of London, always laid me up the day after, and sometimes two or three days, with precisely the same complaint and the same torment of the stomach, easily removed, but excruciating while it lasts, and enfeebling for some time after. Sir Francis Bacon would say it is want of discipline in mountainous places. Sir Francis Bacon is a liar!"

Hear this, ye Baconians ! Clearly, if Mrs. Gallup could elicit the Baconian cipher from the First Folio, as a philosopher wrings a sunbeam out of a cucumber, this would not go far towards convincing Blake of the legitimacy of Bacon's pretensions to the throne of England. On the other hand, we may question whether

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

Bacon would really have attributed an indisposition brought on by a visit to Hampstead to a lack of practice in climbing mountains.

But for the expressions in this letter, we should hardly have known that Blake, prior to the visits to Hampstead to which Linnell after all tempted him, had ever been to the north of London. Nor is there any evidence of his having been to the south of it, except for his stay with Hayley at Felpham ; or to the west, except for the visit to Richmond in his youth, when he found a wife ; or to the east at any time. No stronger evidence could be given of his dependence upon the inner eye than this indifference to the natural scenery and the works of art, which artists commonly make pilgrimages to visit. He was not, however, averse in principle to seeing artistic collections. On occasion of the Peace of Amiens he writes from Hayley's cottage in Sussex to Flaxman : " Now I hope to see the great works of art as they are so near to Felpham, Paris being scarce further off than London." But he never did ; and when he sought Hampstead the motive was not the love of nature, but the importunity of Linnell. Even then he went under a solemn sense of responsibility. A journey to Hampstead without due consideration would be, he says, " a mental rebellion against the Holy Spirit, and only fit for a soldier of Satan to perform ! "

Notwithstanding Blake's misgivings lest he might unawares have taken Satan's shilling, it may be reasonably believed that his visits to Hampstead were not infrequent, for we have authentic records of two, which, as he neither went nor departed by sound of trumpet, would seem to imply a much larger number not chronicled. Of these I will speak when mentioning the persons to whom we are indebted for the knowledge of

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

them, but will first notice two other persons with whom, but for Linnell, he would have remained unacquainted, and to whose suggestions we are indebted for some of his works. The first is Dr. Robert John Thornton, son of the wit and essayist Bonnell Thornton, and aged about fifty when Blake first knew him. He seems to have been a man of unsound judgment; he had incurred the imputation of charlatanism by advocating medical treatment by inhalation, and had almost ruined himself by the publication of a sumptuous botanical work. He was a voluminous author, chiefly on botany, but among his numerous enterprises was an English Virgil for schools, illustrated by a number of most miserable plates and a few very remarkable wood engravings executed by Blake. These are of especial interest, as Blake's first and last attempt at wood-engraving. Novice as he was, it is no wonder that the execution should be rude. The justice of Dr. Thornton's own remark that "they display more art than genius" cannot well be disputed; it is not even surprising that the scared publishers should have profanely given some of Blake's blocks to be worked over by another hand. But Samuel Palmer saw in them "visions of little dells, and nooks, and corners of Paradise; models of the exquisitest touch of intense poetry; intense depth, solemnity, and vivid brilliancy, only coldly and partially describe them. There is in all such a mystic and dreamy glimmer as penetrates and kindles the inmost soul." And a quarter of a century after their execution the *Athenæum* took them as illustrations of the true principle that "amid all drawbacks, there exists a power in the work of the man of genius, which no one but himself can utter fully." Their force is indeed surprising, but they do not fit their theme; they have no Virgilian quality. Thornton, to whom we



WILLIAM BLAKE AND JOHN VARLEY, ARGUING.

From a sketch by John Linnell, by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

are so much indebted for calling them forth, and who in bringing out his botanical works had spent thousands of pounds upon painters, seems rather to have shone as a patron of art than as a physician. He advocated inoculation against vaccination, and Tatham writes in a letter: "He has been a thorn in my side, but I endeavour to forget his unnecessary and expensive experiments upon my poor son." But if this son is the same Tatham who afterwards destroyed a number of Blake's drawings, one almost wishes that Dr. Thornton's experiments had proceeded further.

A more remarkable person for whose acquaintance Blake was indebted to Linnell was John Varley, equally renowned in art and as astrologer. Though thus "commercing with the skies," he was not in the least like Wallenstein's astrologer, but has been correctly described as "a most unspiritual personage, the very reverse of seer or anchorite; big, sanguine, jovial, and everlastingly in the claws of the bailiffs." His friendship with Linnell brought him up to Hampstead, and entitles him to a place in the list of Hampstead visitors. Both his astrology and his impecuniosity come out in his letters to Linnell, published by Mr. Story. He gives Linnell directions about "touching-up the eyebrows of Scorpio." Have scorpions eyebrows? Of his affairs he writes, when they are in a more satisfactory position than usual: "I have only two writs against me, and one judgment upon which my goods can be seized." He meant precisely what he said; he was an absolute Mark Tapley. His friends deemed his embarrassments the effect of extravagance, but he regarded them as merciful dispensations, vouchsafed to him for the prolongation of his existence. "If it were not for my troubles I should burst with joy!"

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

Varley would fain have seen visions, but was too corpulent and jovial. He consequently stirred up Blake, and we are indebted to him for those singularly interesting examples of Blake's visionary faculty, "The Man who built the Pyramids" and "The Ghost of a Flea." Linnell's pencil portrait of the two strongly contrasted personages in discussion, engraved in Mr. Story's biography, is a particularly fine instance of his skill and power as a portrait painter. Blake's resemblance to Socrates is remarkable; yet, perhaps, not so remarkable when it is considered that Socrates also had a familiar dæmon. Blake once calmly observed to Crabb Robinson, "I *was* Socrates," and then added in correction, "A sort of younger brother."

Another important acquaintance made by Blake through Linnell's instrumentality was Samuel Palmer, to whom we are particularly indebted for the proof he has afforded of the frequency of Blake's visits to Hampstead. "Although," says Palmer's son in recording his father's recollections, "Blake professed to hate Hampstead, here he might often be found, standing at the door to enjoy the summer air, or playing with the children, or listening to the simple Scotch songs sung by the hostess, the ready tears falling from his eyes the while." It further appears that Blake was sufficiently attracted by Hampstead to walk up all the way, and to remain so late as to require to be lighted to the conveyance which he must have used upon his return. "Fortunately for my father," says Mr. A. H. Palmer, "Broad Street lay in Blake's way to Hampstead, and they often walked up to the village together. The aged composer of the Songs of Innocence was a great favourite with the children, who revelled in those poems and in his stories of the lovely spiritual things and beings that seemed to him so real

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

and so near. Therefore as the two friends neared the farm, a merry troop hurried out to meet them, led by a little fair-haired girl of some six years old. To this day she remembers cold winter nights when Blake was wrapped up in an old winter shawl by Mrs. Linnell, and sent on his homeward way, with the servant, lantern in hand, lighting him across the heath to the main road."

It would also appear that Blake must sometimes have spent the night at Linnell's Hampstead residence, for Crabb Robinson records meeting him at dinner in the evening at Highgate, where Linnell had brought him. The hosts were the Aderses, intimate friends of Coleridge, then living at Highgate. It is not said that Coleridge was of the party; nor is it certain that the two seers ever met; if they had their encounter would not have resembled that of Cicero's augurs. Coleridge had become acquainted with Blake's Songs of Innocence in 1818, and, with some reservations, admired both illustrations and text. Robinson's frequent notices of Blake are most interesting, but too numerous to be cited on this occasion, except that of the Dante drawings, which cannot be omitted on account of its connection with Linnell. Robinson found Blake in the act of designing these, with Cary's translation before him, although he had studied Italian. The drawings evinced, Robinson thought "a power which I should not have anticipated of grouping and throwing grace over the monstrous and horrible." These drawings, as I have stated, were a commission from Linnell, who, after Blake had been paid for illustrating the Job, continued to send him money. Blake said, "I do not know when I shall ever repay you." Linnell replied, "I do not want you to repay me. I am only too glad to be able to serve you. What I

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

would like, however, if you do anything for me, is that you should make some designs for Dante's Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso." Blake took up the idea warmly, Linnell continued to remit, and the work was Blake's principal occupation and means of subsistence during the latter part of his life. It is true that Linnell acquired the drawings at a low price; but as soon as Blake was dead he endeavoured to dispose of them, not for his own benefit, but the widow's; and when this failed, kept them himself without ever attempting to turn them into money. They are still in the possession of his descendants.

I think, then, that the friendship between Linnell and Blake may be considered as one of the pleasantest episodes in the intellectual history of our Hampstead. The connexion between them might well have been more intimate but for the peculiarity in Linnell's artistic practice, to which reference has been made. He was a painter of portraits as well as of landscapes, and was consequently obliged to have a studio in town and to spend much of his time there. Had he been merely a landscape painter, he might probably have lived entirely at Hampstead, as Constable did. Blake's visits to him would have been more frequent, and Blake might eventually have become his neighbour, notwithstanding the dire effects of dwelling in mountainous places. We should then, like Israel, have known that there had been a prophet among us, and should have confidently pitted our hierophant against the seer of the adjacent heights of Highgate :—

Though he on honey-dew had fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Before concluding, I should wish to remind you of another link between Blake and Hampstead, nearer to

John Linnell and William Blake at Hampstead.

our times. Anne Gilchrist, the widow of Blake's biographer, who herself deserved eminently well of his biography by the devoted toil she imposed upon herself in the improvement of the second edition, resided at Hampstead in her latter years ; and those who remember her will agree with me that Hampstead has seldom had a more gracious, refined, or interesting inhabitant.



THE "SPANIARDS" IN 1902.



The Lover's Almanack.

BY DORA SIGERSON SHORTER.

Oh, hearts that wear the willow,
To you I tell my woe,
Why thus uncared, ungartered,
And all so pale I go.

Come you wan lovers sighing,
Who too have felt the thorn,
But let none heart-whole linger
To laugh my grief to scorn.

Demure in church on Sunday
My love I chanced to see,
Amidst her gentle praying
I vow she looked on me.

On Monday in the meadow
I lingered by the stile,
She did but touch my fingers,
And passed me with a smile.

On Tuesday, mute and rosy,
I stood upon her way,
My heart it nigh betrayed me,
"Good morrow" did she say.

The Lover's Almanack.

With blushing cheek on Wednesday
Her path she went all slow,
How feared I such a fair maid—
I could not move to go.

On Thursday, brave and daring,
I vowed I'd speak her fair,
She turned her glances from me,
And passed me, head in air.

All pale on Friday morning
I waited by her path,
She flashed her eyes upon me,
And pierced me with their wrath.

On Saturday, if that day
Should ever dawn for me,
I'll die for cruel Chloris
Beneath the hemlock-tree.





The Children's Books of a Hundred Years Ago.*

BY CANON AINGER.



THE Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth, not many years since given for the first time to the public, have afforded, I have no doubt, to many a real delight, whether or no they came to the book as readers and admirers of her numerous works of fiction. Her charming personality; a mind and nature so well balanced; such good sense, good feeling, kindness and humour, all exhibited on a stage of domestic life that must have been full of difficulties and stumbling blocks, must always be a pleasant subject of contemplation. But with all her achievements and excellences (and remember it was she who first encouraged Walter Scott to try to do for the humbler walks of Scottish life what she had done in such works as "Castle Rackrent" and the "Absentee" for those of Ireland), it is doubtful if she ever did better and more enduring work than in that once famous series of children's books, which too many of us know only vaguely by name, as "Rosamund," "Frank," "Harry and Lucy," and the "Parents' Assistant." If I had addressed such a circle of readers as the present, thirty

* The present paper formed part of a Lecture delivered some years ago at the Royal Institution. The portion now omitted covered the same ground as the article on Mrs. Barbauld in last year's *Annual*, to which article the present may be considered a sequel.

The Children's Books of a Hundred Years Ago.

years ago, I might safely have assumed that every educated person of middle age had been "brought up" on some or other of these books, and that the names of the chief personages therein remained with them as "household words." But I grieve to say that often now, when I cite the once honoured names of "Lazy Lawrence" and "Simple Susan," I am met with a countenance of painful astonishment and non-recognition.

The first volume of Maria Edgeworth's stories for children (containing amongst others "Rosamond and the Purple Jar") appeared more than a hundred years ago. Those who have read the *Life and Letters*, will remember the origin of these stories. Miss Edgeworth had a father, an amiable and admirable man of considerable ability and untiring energy, to whom she was devoted, and with reason, for (with slight abatements) he was an excellent husband and father. His conjugal history has a humorous side, as such things are apt to have where the chief actor, like Richard Lovell Edgeworth, is all but destitute of a sense of humour. He was one of those profoundly influenced by the writings of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and especially by the new ideas of education, propounded in that writer's "Emile." This work forms the key to Richard Edgeworth's philosophy generally. He took his eldest son abroad to bring him up after the doctrines of Rousseau, and when it was discovered that his daughter Maria possessed the unmistakable gift of narration (she had practised the art regularly on her schoolfellows), it occurred to him how, in the important work of education, stories about young people for young people might be made a means of teaching the coming generation the great doctrines of the Swiss Reformer—an education based, as he believed, on the principles of common sense and pure

The Children's Books of a Hundred Years Ago.

reason, inculcating temperance, industry, justice, benevolence, and home discipline, as the road to all excellence and happiness. And it was he, doubtless, in the first instance, who suggested the methods and furnished the moral topics of his daughter's little books. In the earlier stories the father and daughter were in fact partners, and the prefaces were often signed with their joint initials.

The credit of originating the moral story for the young cannot be claimed for Richard Lovell Edgeworth. The influence of the new ideas which had been at work in France, culminating in the French Revolution, had already borne fruit widely in European societies, and the influence of Rousseau had distinctly affected children's literature before the Edgeworths began to write. Moral tales for the young were abundant at the time the Edgeworths began their labours, and had evidently been found to supply a real want. In 1792 for instance, I find already in a third edition a collection of stories translated from the German of Satzmann, written with the express purpose, as the preface announces, of giving birth "to what we call a good disposition in children"—such good disposition meaning, in the writer's view, "a superior degree of knowledge," whereby the child viewing in human example the sad results of idleness or envy or dissipation, may learn how to avoid these vices. No attempt in preface or title page is made to disguise the real object of these short histories. Anything more heartlessly unattractive than the title page of these volumes was assuredly never put into type. "Elements of Morality for the use of Children," with an introductory address to parents, translated from the German of the Rev. C. G. Satzmann. Dreary and mawkish as are these histories of naughty and erring children, they seem to have been popular and to have prompted many like

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histories of native growth. Two years later, in 1794, appeared, by an estimable attorney's wife, "The Two Cousins: "A moral story for the use of young persons, in which is exemplified the necessity of moderation and justice to the attainment of happiness." In this story, the country-bred daughter, leading a life of obedience and contentment, is made to put to shame the spoiled fine-lady cousin from town. Here the badge of Rousseau is actually worn upon the sleeve by the lady author, who introduces a passage in French from that author, and translates it into English for the benefit of her readers. So that Richard Lovell Edgeworth and his daughter were only following a strong and proved leading of the time in regarding moral fiction as an important part of the education of children. Had the father been left to himself in this task, however moral his aims, he might have been long forgotten like those dreary predecessors of which I have just given samples. Happily, he allied himself with a daughter whose invention, humour, and fancy were to do so much to neutralise the depressing rationality of her parent. One other influence (nearer home) had been at work, in the first instance, upon the father and daughter, that of Thomas Day, Richard Lovell Edgeworth's dearest friend and the ingenious author of "Sandford and Merton," a gentleman who might be defined as a Rousseau run silly, and who "muddled" his existence generally by preposterous fads. He selected two workhouse girls for education on Rousseau-like principles, intending to marry whichever turned out best, and then married neither; and concluded his ill-starred existence by attempting (for Nature's sake) to ride an unbroken colt without saddle or bridle! The first joint effort of the father and daughter appeared in 1796; a single volume

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containing amongst other stories, "The Purple Jar" and "Lazy Lawrence" (Miss Edgeworth afterwards separated these, placing the "Purple Jar" in the "Rosamund" series, to which it clearly belongs). Now "The Purple Jar" has attained a notoriety which has perhaps unduly injured the reputation of its many successors in the same kind. "The Purple Jar" reflects the parent Edgeworth's lack of humour in its ghastliest shape. It will be remembered how Rosamund, aged seven, whose shoes are sadly out of repair, attracted by the sight of a radiant vessel in a chemist's window, and coveting its possession, is allowed by her mother to choose (there being apparently only one spare half-guinea available) between the Jar and a new pair of shoes—the mother being at the time quite aware that the Jar was a fraud, and would not serve the purpose for which the child desired it. In this story the hand of the father is unmistakeable, the most reprehensible mother being simply Richard Lovell Edgeworth in petticoats. Her course of proceeding seemed to him (we cannot doubt) a proud vindication of pure reason, against maudlin sentiment. There is a couplet of Pope's which seems not inopportune :—

There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,
Yet need as much again to manage it.

This is equally true of that rarer faculty—common sense. Richard Lovell Edgeworth had a fair share of it, only he sadly wanted at least as much again to prevent its making a fool of itself.

However, happily, as time went on, the genius of the daughter proved too strong for the disciplinary theories of such a moral martinet as her father. He fell out of the firm by degrees, or became a sleeping partner; and there followed in due succession the

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admirable series, carefully graduated according to the eye of the intended reader—the series relating the ways and the doings of “Frank and Robert”; of “Rosamund and Laura”; of “Harry and Lucy”; and that miscellaneous collection known to us as “The Parents’ Assistant,” including those beloved friends of our childhood, “Lazy Laurence” and “Simple Susan,” “Barring Out,” “The Basket Woman,” “Waste Not, Want Not,” “The Mimic,” and “Old Poz.”

Now we are given to understand by many critics of the present day that Maria Edgeworth falls short of the highest merit of a story-teller, from the fact that her tales are so generally tales “with a purpose.” It has come to be regarded almost as an axiom that fiction is necessarily spoiled or lowered by being thus written : that is to say, to instil certain moral lessons, or to propagate certain opinions, or in fact with any *arrière pensée* at all, except the claims of art (as we understand it). You may *amuse* in your fiction, and, I need not add at the present juncture, that you may horrify and disgust at your own sweet will, but you must on no account *edify*. And, in truth, if any prejudice has grown up in these days against stories with a purpose, there may be some excuse for it. When novels are so often either sermons, or philosophical treatises, or Blue-books in disguise ; and when persons with no genius and no humour, but only a good deal of culture and some literary skill, compose these works, we find them dreary reading, no doubt, and straightway, perhaps, lay the blame of it upon the subject, instead of upon the writer. When the subject, or object, or both, are everything, no wonder that boredom sets in early. For the “purpose,” under these circumstances, is always protruding from under what ought to be character-drawing, construction, humour,

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pathos, the very flesh and blood which ought to constitute the real body, and the real attractiveness of the work. As the sarcastic policeman observed to the cabman, in John Leech's picture, "Hullo! Cabby, I see you're going to have a new horse." "A new oss! 'ow do you mean?" "Well, I see you've got the framework ready!" Yes, when the framework is the chief thing visible, the result is indeed depressing. But I take the real truth to be that every novel or story, to be worth anything, *is* written with a purpose—a purpose very clear and real in the mind of the writer. I believe the greatest men in fiction have always had a purpose, and cherished it to the end—some moral or lesson which they wished should be drawn, or, at least, felt. Depend upon it, Henry Fielding and W. M. Thackeray had lessons in their minds to teach, differing, doubtless, according to the lights and the moral standpoints of the writers, when they wrote "Tom Jones" and "Vanity Fair,"—*only*—they happened to be Fielding and Thackeray, and the world has been too grateful to think of complaining, or even remarking upon this circumstance. But, indeed, it is rather late to begin complaining. From the earliest ages of civilisation, fiction and moral purpose have gone hand in hand. The Parable, and the Fable, and the Proverb, what are these but fiction with a purpose "written small"; and what does not the current morality of the world—yes, and the conscience of the world—owe to these homely ethical admonishers? Well, let us admit that Maria Edgeworth, especially at first, when Papa was always looking over her shoulder, did write her purpose in letters too staring. Madame de Staël, we are told, remarked about her, after reading some of her tales of fashionable life, "Vraiment, Miss Edgeworth est digne de l'enthousiasme, mais elle se perd dans votre

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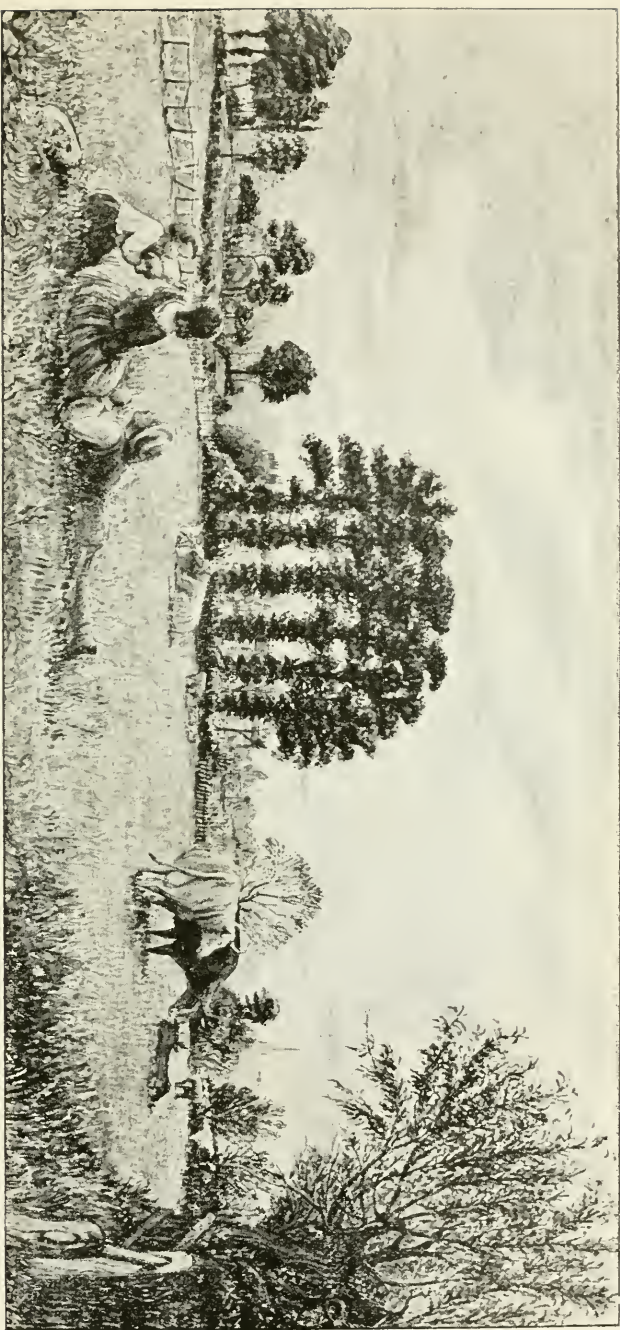
triste utilité." The exceptional presence of the "utilité" in many of her stories cannot be gainsaid; but in her children's books, at least, we must utterly deny the *tristesse*. How little (*too* little, some people might even allege!) of the *triste* was there in that generous, humorous and happy nature. Call to mind that inimitable, and, in my judgment, to this day unrivalled collection of stories known by the uninviting name of the "Parents' Assistant." The "Parents' Friend," Miss Edgeworth would have preferred, but her publisher was inexorable. I almost fear (as I have said) that even the name of this series is unknown to many middle-aged persons, in this day. And how great, I would remark, is their loss. Everyone of these stories, I am sure, has a moral, but only here and there is it obtruded at all. Now and again it appears in the title—and, after all, what harm is done in giving the title of "Waste not, Want not," to that delightful narrative of the two young Archers, and the Archery meeting, and Lady Di; and that noble piece of whipcord, "well saved," which appears from Ben's pocket at the crisis of his fate, to enable him to make the triumphant shot. I am sure I have not read this story for forty years, but the exhilaration of it, the life, the breezy air of the downs, the human interest of it, live for me to this day. And what if it *is* "marred" by having a moral purpose and a maxim at the head of it. After all, it is but an early instance of that charming thing the French call a "Proverbe"—which a De Musset has made immortal in "Il ne faut jurer de rien," or, "On ne badine pas avec l'amour." I am certain that, as a child, I was not offended or disturbed by the admixture of this moral powder with the currant jelly. Happily children do not regard their picture from the stand-point of the high art

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critic ; but I am sure that in this story, and in all of the same series, the invention and the tact and the saving gift of humour of the writer, reduce all such objections to an absurdity.

How good they all are—how fresh and how various—and how (surest test of all) they live in the memory of those brought up upon them—if only for the blessed reason that such books in our childhood were few and excellent, instead of being multitudinous and mediocre. I undertake to say that those who remember these stories, remember them not as names, but as pictures indelibly impressed upon their imaginations, and as lessons which have become part of their stock of moral wisdom. I remember, many years ago, breakfasting in company with Dean Stanley, at the house of my friend and predecessor, Dr. Vaughan, and of setting him off at once by the mention of Miss Edgeworth, whose story of “Simple Susan” we straightway proceeded to recall alternately in successive incidents—the Blind Harper and his boy ; little Susan and “take a 'poon, pig!” ; Sir Arthur ; the vulgar attorney ; that ill-regulated Miss Bab and the over-turned bee-hive. And did not a greater than Dean Stanley, Sir Walter Scott, remark of the same touching history, that when the boy brought home Susan’s pet lamb, “there was nothing for it but to cry”?

And to those who read and re-read these stories, as children’s books *were* read in those days, how many others will remain ineffaceable from memory ! The Basket Woman, with the honest children who “skidded” the wheels of the gentleman’s coach, and received a guinea instead of a shilling by mistake ; “Barring Out”—with the majestic Dr. Middleton, and Fisher with the bag of “twelve buns,” in itself a delightful picture for the childish imagination ; Tarleton, and the “False Key”—



VIEW FROM THE FIELDS BEHIND CLIFTON HOUSE.
From a Painting by J. F. Redfern, in 1862, in the possession of Mrs. Redfern.

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with that wicked cook who exchanged "delicate cold turkey" for the cherry brandy of the depraved butler ; and the exquisite story of the Orphans who earned so admirably the long-desired boon of the "slated house." What variety there was in these stories ; what freshness of invention ; what a rare power of striking what one may call the moral imagination ; and unlike the sermon of the Sheriff's Chaplain, so brief, and yet never tedious!

In my retrospect I have only time to choose typical representatives of a change that was coming over the Child's Library, and I have therefore to pass over many other interesting contributions to it, belonging to the period in question. Some among the more elderly of my readers will recall some such, and perhaps feel a pang to find them unmentioned. Some will remember the "Looking Glass for the Mind," which was, however, French, not English, for it was a translation of parts of Berquin's "Ami des Enfants" ; and many, I hope, would regret if I did not make even barest mention of Charles and Mary Lamb's two memorable children's books, the "Tales from Shakespeare," and the "Poetry for Children." All generations since have owed a mighty debt to the former of these ; and the latter has a peculiar interest that, as far as I am aware, it was the first compliment ever paid to children, in recognising that Poetry (as distinguished from nursery rhymes) had a mission for children at all. The verses of Charles and Mary are of very varying degrees of merit (*quâ* poetry) but at their best they are full of sweet felicities and ingenuities, and for those familiar with earlier poets, are ever recalling the art of Gay, or Prior, or Wither. And this circumstance might well place them in a corner apart—a pleasant back-water, away from the flowing stream, were it not that the effect of that stream is

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clearly shown in this, that these charming fancies are (four-fifths of them) *instructive*, having their moral written on their very sleeve—the moral of meekness and brotherly love, and obedience and modesty ; the folly of envy and conceit, and “thoughtless cruelty”—all serving to show how strongly the tide was setting in for something more sober, and more earnest, than the out-going “Tommy Trips” and “Goody Two-shoes,” of Mr. Newbery’s large collection. But as yet, for the most part, though children’s literature had reflected strongly the influence of the new spirit, born of the French Revolution, in the glorification of pure reason, and the quickened sense of the dignity of human nature, yet two other spirits already working elsewhere had not as yet entered into and leavened that literature. I mean the Evangelical movement, which itself of course grew out of the work of Wesley and his companions, and the new opening of the eyes of Poetry to the light and life that spring from in a first-hand study of nature—that movement which came— not “at one stride” (like the Dark in the “Ancient Mariner”), but gradually and untraceably like the dissolving views of our “Polytechnic” days ; struggling against fetters of the old Popian diction in Thomson and Cowper ; appearing first in unsullied glory in Burns, from whom in turn Wordsworth rejoiced to have borrowed and carried on the torch. For was it not Burns who taught his youth :

How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth !

But there was now to appear a writer, or rather, two writers, for children, on whom this double influence of the poetic renaissance of the first years of the century and the spiritual revival bequeathed by the Wesleys, was

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to be distinctly shown. I mean the two sisters, Ann and Jane Taylor, authors of the "Original Poems for Infant Minds," the first series of which appeared in 1803. The daughters of one Isaac Taylor, an engraver, destined to be the father of a second Isaac Taylor, of considerable mark as theologian and thinker, the girls lived a happy and profitable country life in Essex, with "engraving" as their study but literature as their real bent, and began writing verse for one of the many popular Annuals or "Pocket Books" of that day, and thus attracted the attention of the publishers, who proposed to them to write "moral songs," or, "early poetry for young children." Hence, the "Original Poems" just named—if to be judged by their vitality, more remarkable than any classics of the nursery yet mentioned—perhaps because designed more exclusively for the *nursery* than their predecessors, being for children of a tender age. It is more difficult to suggest even plausible fresh substitutes for such infantile lyrics as "Twinkle, twinkle little Star!" or, "Thank you, pretty cow that made, pleasant milk to soak my bread"; than for the "Parents' Assistant" of Miss Edgeworth. To write well for the nursery, to be simple and yet not mawkish; poetical, and yet enjoyable to the full by the child-mind, is harder than to write for that next stage, the school-room. And the Taylors had mastered this rare and difficult art. Their own studies had lain in the direction of simplicity and purity of diction. Their poetic masters had been Cowper (notably, I think), Wordsworth and Blake. Where, indeed, the two sisters are baldly didactic; where the moral purpose forbids much dedication to the unfettered Muse; their merit is simply that of brisk narrative, ending generally in some startling Nemesis. The mad bull who gored the little boy for asking questions (a legend

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which that "little infidel" Paul Dombey demurred to entertain—having based his objection, you remember, on the alleged lunacy of the bull), appears too often in their poems, as a "Deus ex machinâ." The little angler who catches his own chin on a hook in the kitchen dresser: the embryo dandy who being over proud of his new suit of clothes, comes to condign grief by contact with the chimney-sweep—these will be familiar memories to us all. But such freaks as these do not make the real essence of the book. It is the little lyrics interspersed, calling attention to the common sights of heaven and earth, of garden and field; of the varying seasons; lyrics resembling Wordsworth, and even more resembling Blake; and though they never show that touch of genius which now and again lifts Blake into the highest heaven of poetic beauty, they at least are supremely sane, and never dwindle away into mystic riddles. Listen to this! So direct and so simple; so based on first-hand observation of nature:

THE MICHAELMAS DAISY.

I am very pale and dim
With my faint and bluish rim;
Standing on my narrow stalk
By the littered gravel walk,
And the withered leaves aloft,
Fall upon me very oft.

But I show my lonely head
When the other flowers are dead.
And you're even glad to spy
Such a homely thing as I;
For I seem to smile, and say
"Summer is not quite away."

Wordsworth and Blake could not better that. It is as perfect (which is saying much) as Lord Tennyson's

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"What does little Birdie say, In his bed at break of day?" And there are a dozen others as perfect in feeling and sincerity; which is but another way of saying rich in "charm." Here too we come upon the most famous of infantile lyrics, the stanzas to "My Mother," obviously suggested by Cowper's to "My Mary"; and in their kind hardly less musical and tender:

Who fed me from her gentle breast
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My Mother!

Doubtless, in this poem, as in others, little crudities of Calvinistic theology may just peep, crocus-like, above the soil; and, doubtless, in other of the verses, modern political economy might suggest important modifications. A flippant acquaintance of mine was fond of suggesting that a new edition of the "Original Poems" might be prepared in better accord (for instance) with the principles of the Charity Organisation Society; and daringly proposed that "Little Ann and her Mother," who walked, you remember, in Cavendish Square, should end their adventure thus:

"I'm ashamed of you, Ann," said her parent, so kind,
"Yon beggar is clearly a cheat,
And your blue-books will tell you you ought to be fined
If e'er you give alms in the street."

But, after all, perhaps, there is an *order* in a child's education, and the duty and blessedness of Charity may well precede the consideration of how best to preserve its administration from danger of abuse. The main-spring takes precedence in importance of the regulator. In the same way one would properly demur to a similar proposed alteration in one of Ann Taylor's best known

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"Hymns for Infants." I trust that, as yet, we need not require such infants to return thanks to Providence :

Who made them in post-Christian days
A happy school-board child.

However, this is a digression. What I wish to point out with regard to Ann and Jane Taylor is that they were no exception to the general rule, that whenever "little things" (or what pass for such with the unthinking) do the work intended for them, and thus live in men's memory and affection, it is because their authors come to the task from a higher ground. They do the little things so well, because they can do greater ones. There was the true poetic feeling (rarest of all poetical gifts) in these two women, besides that gift which so often goes with it, the saving gift of humour. I wonder if many of my hearers ever even heard of the "Squire's Pew" of Jane Taylor; a poem which Archbishop Trench (an excellent critic) did not disdain to include in his *Anthology*: "The Household Book of English Poetry." The thought is the old old thought of the transitiveness of human life, the pathos of its contrast with what has passed away. The subject, that is to say, is as hackneyed as that of Gray's "Elegy"; and though the writer has no command of Gray's magic, she has got the atmosphere and the tone: the "feeling" in a word, which is the secret of all charm:—

A slanting ray of evening light
Shoots through the yellow pane—
It makes the faded crimson bright,
And gilds the fringe again;
The windows' Gothic framework falls
In oblique shadows on the walls.

And since those trappings first were new,
How many a cloudless day,

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To rob the velvet of its hue
Has come and passed away !
How many a setting sun hath made
That curious lattice-work of shade !

And then the poetess speaks of the courtly knight and his family who worshipped there "when the First James was King," and now they are to be seen only in the sculptured effigies, in "marble hard and cold" :

Outstretched together are comprest
He and my lady fair,
With hands uplifted on the breast
In attitude of prayer :
Long-visaged, clad in armour, he—
With ruffled arm and bodice she.

Set forth in order as they died
Their numerous offspring bend,
Devoutly kneeling side by side
As if they did intend
For past omissions to atone
By saying endless prayers in stone.

How perfect is this in its kind—with that perfection that never grows old, or old-fashioned—and how much rather would not one have written this than most of the hand-made paper verse that emanates from the press to-day. And unlike, *radically* unlike, as were all these notable writers for the young that I have mentioned, yet there is just this likeness between them : that they were all considerable people, outside the work of this kind ; that they could boast of more than the very best intentions, they brought something like genius to their task ; and because this work was good, not merely "goody-goody," they impressed themselves on the generation they wrote for, and for many after it.

Two qualities, indeed, we have found common to this group of writers. Something of the poet's imagi-

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nation and creative power, and a strong conviction working with it (which may fairly be called "utilitarian"), that for minds and natures in process of forming and training, the combination of fiction or legend with moral teaching was wholesome and necessary. Whether fervent Dissenter or placid Deist, this was their common conviction, and they wrote accordingly. Scores and hundreds of contemporaries and successors followed suit, and, doubtless, a surfeit of these (and when they *are* mawkish they are mawkish with a vengeance!) has sickened nurseries and school-rooms, and provoked clever writers (of very different order of genius) to try to supply a different literature for the school-room, which shall at least not be "goody-goody." But here we must not forget a third peculiarity in our writers that is well worth noting. The striking success of the Aikins, the Edgeworths and the Taylors was due largely, I think, to *this*—that they wrote for the young without any reservation, any *arrière pensée* whatever. There is a story of Heinrich Heine that gives us a useful parallel here. Heine used to say that whenever a woman wrote a book (and, of course, that was a rarer thing in his day than ours), she wrote with one eye on her manuscript, and another on a *man*. He excepted (so he said) the Countess Hahnhahn, who had only one eye! Now I would not have soiled my pen with this very objectionable remark had it not supplied me, as I have said, with just the image that I want. The fault of some of the most famous children's books of our time is that their clever authors have written with one eye on the *child*, and the other on the *grown-up person*; in fact on you and me! I am not speaking now of those beautiful tales *about* children which are not meant for their reading at all, I hope: such as Miss Montgomery's

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"Misunderstood," or the exquisite sketches of child-life by the late Mrs. Ewing, "Jackanapes," and the "Story of a Short Life," and the rest. But I *am* thinking of such masterpieces in their way as Charles Kingsley's "Water-Babies," and Mr. Dodgson's "Alice in Wonderland." You will not, I am certain, suspect me of questioning the genius and the charm of such works, but, although they may contain elements fitted to engage the attention of the child, it is the *grown-up intellect*, and the *grown-up sense of humour* that alone is capable of enjoying them to the full, or any degree near it. Even that delightful humourist, and master of so many styles, whose loss the whole English-speaking race is still mourning, Robert Louis Stevenson, when he wrote his fascinating verses for children, had still (it cannot be overlooked) his beaming eye upon those who would enjoy his pleasant satire at the child's expense. Curiously enough, both he and Ann Taylor have written about the "pretty cow." We all remember her first stanza :

Thank you, pretty cow, that made
Pleasant milk to soak my bread,
Every day, and every night,
Warm and fresh and sweet and white.

Now hear Louis Stevenson :—

The friendly cow, all red and white,
I love with all my heart—
She gives me cream with all her might
To eat with apple-tart.

Is there no *arrière pensée* here? "She gives me cream with all her might." Are we not sure, as sure as if he had publicly confessed it, that the gentle humourist was winking that other eye of his at Mr. Sidney Colvin, and Mr. Andrew Lang, and Mr. Gosse, and all whom he loved so well.

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Once more I say that I am sure I shall not be suspected of underating the imaginative, and the fanciful, and the playful, and even the humorous, as elements (absolutely necessary elements) in the education of the child. But there are various kinds even of these things, and we ought to observe that natural order, which we respect without question, in other fields of intellectual or æsthetic training. We do not feed our poetical youth upon Browning and Shelley before they have formed an ear and a taste upon Scott and Gray and Goldsmith; nor do we let our young pianists tackle Brahms and Liszt, till their ears have been well saturated with the jocund Haydn and the pellucid Mozart. And therefore, after a hundred years, I devoutly wish Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld could be restored to our nursery book-shelves. Mammās have indeed said to me sometimes, "my children will not *look at* Miss Edgeworth," and only good manners have prevented my retorting, "Yes! But what had they been fed upon beforehand?" for even brown bread and butter is apt to be insipid after a surfeit of chocolate-creams and hard-bake. After the gaudy, hot-pressed, profusely illustrated, smartly bound children's books of to-day, a new one every month—when each is just tasted and then thrown away, it may be hard to make even the parents believe that it is the few books, got well into the system by reading them again and again, that educate in any worthy sense.

No doubt in the season of the Rousseau influence (all violent reactions having their silly side), much nonsense was talked about the unfitness of fairy tales, fables, and the like for the young mind as not bearing the test of nature and pure reasonableness. Rousseau himself (one of whose chief defects was that of

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a sense of humour), demurred to these as injurious to a child's sense of truth. That fascinating and forgotten humourist the poet Cowper (himself a distinct product of the Rousseau influence, on its happier side of a fresh and first-hand contemplation of man and nature), fortunately possessed this missing sense of the ludicrous. One of his own delightful fables is prefaced thus :—

I will not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau
If birds confabulate, or no.
'Tis clear that they were always able
To hold discourse, at least in fable ;
And e'en the *child*, who knows no better
Than to interpret by the letter
A story of a cock and bull,
Must have a most uncommon skull.

But I am afraid there were fanatics who for a while lost the fine common sense thus delightfully expressed ; and even dear Charles Lamb and his sister were provoked by it into thinking bitter thoughts of " Mrs. Barbauld's stuff," which (Lamb wrote to Coleridge) had " banished all the old classics of the nursery." But though Richard Edgeworth may have wished to do this, certainly Mrs. Barbauld did not ; and in " Evenings at Home " there is abundant proof that no such pedantry clung to the Aikins. And the pedantry, wherever found, did not last, except perhaps among the extremest puritans. The fads and follies of the Rousseau school died away, and the good remained, bearing admirable fruit for years to come. Mr. John Morley in his thoughtful estimate of Rousseau's work and its influence, finds that influence in England at least, " not very perceptible." I venture to differ here from Mr. Morley, but I am with him when he says of the " Emile " that it is one of the most fertilising books in the history of

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literature, and that "of such books the worth resides less in the parts than in the whole." "It touched the deeper things of *character*. It filled parents with a sense of the dignity and moment of their task." And it is because I think that such trifles as the pleasure-books of the nursery and school-room (like the proverbial straw when thrown aloft), show which way the wind blows in these latter days, when character is left so much to take care of itself, that I hoped they might be allowed profitably to occupy the pages of our Christmas Annual.



SEAL OF KILBURN PRIORY.



The Pavilions of Peace.

BY GRACE RHYS.

Within the circle of His peace
The Lord of life abides and is.

Out of His peace I can not go,
Now that its still delight I know.

Clad in its beam I spend the day,
A poor weed dressed in a silver ray.

The fields of evening mourn the light :
In His pavilions is no night.

Peace holds the darkness, till it seems
His hand upon me in my dreams.

And when I wake, in light it falls,
A window in my chamber walls.

Dressed in His peace the hills arise,
And shine like towers of Paradise.

The green trees standing in the sun,
Are flames of His brightness every one.

The Pavilions of Peace.

Flowers, blown in a secret place,
In their day of beauty desire His face.

Lit by His thought, His children's eyes
Are lamps before His mysteries.

Within the peace of His great halls,
Where moon and star ingem the walls,

I have had gifts at His hand of light,
That make one treasure of day and night ;

Chrism of the eyes, a seal on the mouth,
A harp at the ear set, a sun in the south.

Through His pavilions flows white peace,
The fountain of my felicities.

Out of His peace I shall never go,
Now that its full delight I know.





James Frank Redfern, Sculptor.

BY A FELLOW STUDENT.



HERE are not many people in Hampstead who are familiar with either the name or the fame of Mr. J. Frank Redfern, Sculptor, who died at Clifton House, South End Green, on the 13th day of June, 1876, at the early age of 38. Standing to-day near the Tram Terminus and looking down Constantine Road, it is difficult to realise that less than twenty years since a large house with ample forecourt and gateway stood right across where that road now enters the Green. Our illustration will help those of the present generation to see how the south-east corner of the Green looked in those days.*

The first floor window on the extreme left, marks the room in which Mr. Redfern passed away from this

* Miss Redfern informs us that her grandfather, the late Mr. Allen of Regent Street, who occupied Clifton House from about 1850 until it was demolished, states that it was reckoned to be about 200 years old, and originally built as a private dwelling; but afterwards, in the old coaching days, it was turned into an inn. An underground passage was found in the large cellars leading under the White Horse Inn, as far as the road, where it was filled in. Julien, whose orchestra was so famous, just before the fifties occupied it for a time, and left huge boxes of coloured lamps which had been used to decorate the garden of an acre and half, which extended southwards, with the Fleet ditch as a boundary on the East.

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life, after a brief but memorable career, which we venture to think is worthy of record in the annals of Hampstead.

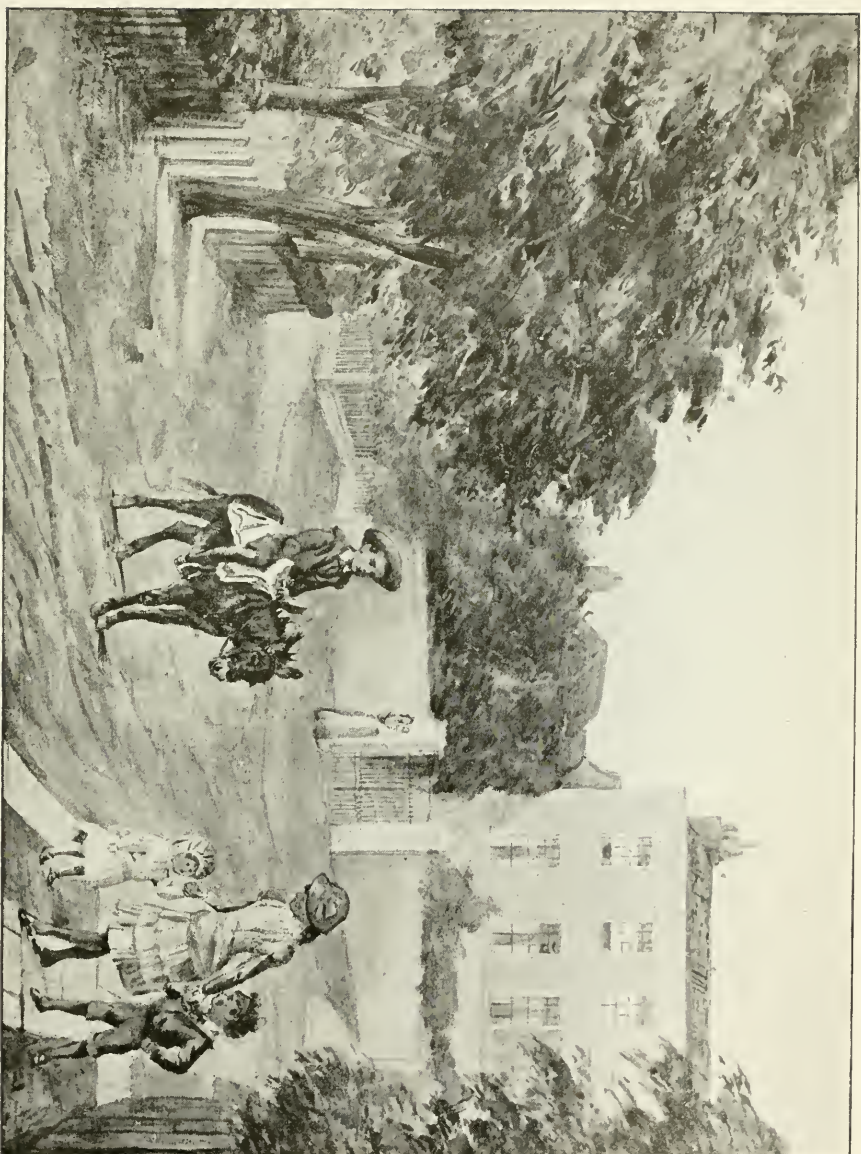
He was born in 1838 at the little town of Hartington, in Derbyshire. He was an only son, whose father died from the effect of an accident when the lad was about six years old, becoming thus early dependent upon his mother for support. Of what was done for him in the direction of elementary education in his early childhood he has left no record, but happily he was able to give some reliable and interesting information as to his early efforts in the exercise of his art faculties.

Until about the age of fifteen no effective interest seems to have been aroused in those about him, which might be described as favourable to the development of his genius, and it is rather difficult to discover the probable incentives to these early efforts.

From the first his natural bent seems to have been towards sculpture. One wonders whether those natural fantastic forms which abound in the valley of the Dove, where Hartington so picturesquely nestles;—those rock forms, sculptured by natural forces, which have so touched local imagination as to earn such names as “The Apostles,” “The Lion’s Face,” “Tissington Spires,” “The Steeples,” “Dovedale Church” or “Abbey,” “whose massive base, seamed and scarred, while above the deep fissures and crannies, crested with jagged pinnacles, seen from a slight distance and at twilight, by not too great a licence, entitle it to the name by which it is known”^{*}—surely these have had their part, together with their lovely surroundings, in awakening him into artistic activity.

The little stone-built town has a good Gothic church and a Tudor hall, and these must count in the environment of the lad. His father was a mason, who, had he

^{*} Leyland’s Peak of Derbyshire.



CLIFTON HORSE (now demolished) SOUTH END GREEN.

from a Painting by Kate Somerby, in 1882 in the possession of Mrs. Redfern.

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lived long enough, might have taught his son the use of hammer and chisel. Any impulse derived from the father could but be of an inherited nature.

There was an absence of the most simple implements for the exercise of elementary forms of art. A lead pencil was a rare luxury, which he did not possess until some time after he had given evidence of his genius. His first efforts seem to have been made by using pieces of what was locally called "idleback." What was this material? There was a pottery in the neighbourhood, where, in the manufacture of some vessels, they made use of plaster-of-paris moulds. These were occasionally of considerable size, and when they had served their purpose, the discarded moulds were thrown out upon a dust heap as waste. It became customary to use this material for hearth-stoning purposes in the cottages. Young Redfern used bits of this to make drawings of any objects that caught his notice. Then this material invited him to the use of his pocket knife, and he found in it a vehicle in which he could easily realise the forms of dogs, sheep, and other natural objects which he saw about him. Occasionally he found a piece of wood that served his purpose, carving for the sheer pleasure of it; often leaving his finished work on a gate post by the roadside for those who passed by either "to pick up or knock down." He remembered achieving a notable success in carving a group of Samson and the Lion. This he did in "idleback"; but, alas, of all these efforts but little remains. His sister seems to have been iconoclastic, and would often knock a head or an arm off his figures to use as hearthstone: a foretaste of his experience at the hands of the iconoclastic Protestants of Bristol in later years!

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His efforts were not limited to the realisation of sculptured form. When he attained to the rare luxury of a sixpenny box of water-colours and some lead pencils, he drew the parish church from many points of view, and succeeded in making effective sketches of interesting natural features in the neighbourhood. For paper he used the best he could pick up from the grocer's stores. These sketches attracted the attention of a Dr. Booth of Biggins, who was writing a book on the Derbyshire scenery, and who purposed making use of the lad's sketches for the illustration of this work, but he did not live to complete it. Some of these sketches have been preserved, and Mrs. Redfern has a miniature bust of Shakespeare carved in wood, which belongs to this period.*

We can quite understand how the lad became the despair of his poor mother; from her practical point of view! Efforts were made to induce him to settle down to some profitable occupation; among these, one was that of placing him as a tailor's apprentice. A fortnight's experience in the tailor's shop proved too much for the lad, and he fled home! His mother's final judgment of her son's capacity for practical service was summed up in this saying: "Ah! my Jim is only fit to go about wi' a Punch and Judy show, to cut the dolls!"

Deliverance came at last through the Rev. Mr. Wirgman, Vicar of Hartington. It seems that a lady in a neighbouring village, the wife of a clergyman, called the boy's attention to a woodcut in an illustrated magazine, representing Lough's "Group of Mourners," which had attracted much notice at the International Exhibition of 1851. She suggested to

* Visitors to Poole's Cavern, Buxton, will find a small model of a sleeping child carved in "Idleback," which is treasured there as a specimen of young Redfern's work when about seven years old.

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him that he might carve that, and perhaps send his work to London. The subject at once appealed to him and he said he would try. It consisted of a dead warrior, the wife supporting his head, and the horse standing over them pathetically. To carve this in the round, was no slight task. He obtained a lump of Derbyshire alabaster and set to work, using his pocket-knife as his sole carving tool. His success was so striking as to stir the new Vicar of Hartington to immediate action.

There had been some thought of showing the work to the late Duke of Devonshire, whose son's title as Marquis was derived from the little town in which the lad was born ; but other counsels prevailed. In 1854 Mr. Beresford Hope with his wife, Lady Mildred, sister of the Marquis of Salisbury, came to his estate in Beresford Dale. This was inherited from the famous Viscount Beresford, his stepfather, and was the occasion of Mr. A. Hope taking "Beresford" into his surname. This gentleman was well-known in his day as a member of Parliament, a patron of art, and an ardent High Churchman. He was also a contributor to literature on art and church themes, and was a strong supporter of the Gothic revival in architecture.

To Beresford Hall the Vicar of Hartington carried the little group in alabaster, and young Redfern was summoned to appear before Mr. Beresford Hope and the Lady Mildred. They were favourably impressed by his demeanour, and the result of the interview was his being placed under the care of the Rev. B. Webb of Sheen, a village near by, which, like Beresford Dale, was on the Staffordshire side of the Dove. For about three years he went to school there, his master being a Mr. Coleman. At this period he went earnestly to

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work making up for former deficiencies in his general education. He nevertheless found time to draw some illustrations for a story which his schoolmaster wrote, and afterwards published with the lad's drawings. He became a member of the surpliced choir at Sheen, and was able to cultivate his musical faculties. When he was about nineteen he was sent to London, and at the request of Mr. Beresford Hope, was received by Mr. Clayton, who, with the late Mr. Bell, were well-known as designers for glass. Mr. Clayton had graduated in sculpture, and had acquired a thorough knowledge of the anatomy of the human form. At their studios, in Cardington Street, Redfern entered eagerly upon his studies, and very rapidly made progress in drawing and modelling the figure. He also became acquainted with the decorative principles of Gothic art, and acquired a sympathetic appreciation of the tenderness and feeling which characterise the best examples of mediæval sculpture.

Here he made the acquaintance of Mr. H. Stacey Marks, who afterwards became the well-known Royal Academician. They often strolled together towards Hampstead on Sunday mornings.

In 1859 he exhibited at the Royal Academy a group representing "Cain and Abel." This work was modelled while he was under Mr. Clayton's direction. The figures are in the round and are nude, and show a remarkable decision in the expression of form. As a composition, it is unusually good in the unity and harmony of the lines from almost every point of view.

It was in November of the same year that the writer made his first acquaintance with Mr. Redfern in the Antique School of the Royal Academy. They made their probationary studies together, and were admitted

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on the merit of their studies as fellow-students ; but Mr. Redfern troubled himself no further. Feeling convinced that the schools of the Academy, in those days, were not congenial to his aims, he abandoned the pursuit of further studies there

In the following year he went to Paris, and studied there for some time. Of his life in that city he used to say but little. He does not seem to have seen much of that side of the art student's life which enlivens the pages of "Trilby," but he was much impressed by the lax moral atmosphere of Paris. On one occasion he was beset by a number of students in the atelier, who were furious because he refused to perform some menial service that was expected of him as a new comer. He placed his back against the wall of the gallery and assumed a British attitude of self-defence. The sight of the young Englishman's fists proved to be enough for his assailants, and they allowed him to go his own way.

He admired French methods of art study, especially in sculpture ; making as they did the antique statues do service as aids to the interpretation of the living form. In a certain sense it was true, that in English schools the study of the antique often led to a kind of art paralysis in sculpture.

While in France he gave time and attention to the fine examples of Gothic sculpture within his reach, making a study of the carvings at Amiens and Rouen. He shared in Ruskin's enthusiastic appreciation of the old work which enriches the portals of the Cathedral at Amiens.

Returning to London, we find that he lodged at a house in Roxburgh Terrace, Prince of Wales Road, for some time. His studio was in Clipstone Street Yard, a place where in former times quite a colony of artists

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worked. In 1860 a few remained; among them Charles Keene of *Punch* fame.

Here Mr. Redfern modelled for Mr. Clayton, the full-sized group of St. George and the Dragon, which surmounts the Crimean Column at Westminster. The design for the group was by Mr. Clayton.

He had a charming little panel in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1861, "The Holy Family."

In the following year he had his first commission. It was from Mr. G. W. Digby of Sherborne Castle, for a work in relief designed for the mortuary chapel there. This work was exhibited at the International Exhibition of 1862, and obtained an award for its merit. The subject was "The Resurrection."

It was in the same year that he painted the picture which has been reproduced for this *Annual* by permission of Mrs. Redfern. It was, undoubtedly, the presence of Miss Allen, his future wife, in Clifton House, which is seen through the trees, that prompted him to make the sketch for the picture, in company with the writer in the spring of the year. The fence on the left marks the line which is now taken by Fleet Road, and the old pollard willows on the right indicate the line of the Fleet brook.

In 1863 he exhibited a relief "The Good Samaritan," and a statuette of Lord Macaulay. The former work is mentioned by F. Turner Palgrave in his "Essays on Art" (page 39). In the following year he exhibited a life-size group of "Diana and Cupid," which was his chief venture in the direction of classical subjects.

It was soon after this that he executed a recumbent effigy of Lady Cope in alabaster, which was placed in Eversley Church, and earned the warm admiration of Charles Kingsley, with whom he then became ac-

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quainted. In 1865 he had a bust of Sir W. Cope in marble at the Royal Academy, and in the year following a marble relief of "Hugh," son of Lady Mildred and Mr. Beresford Hope.

About this period he left Clipstone Street and occupied a studio at Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, for a short time. In 1867 his marriage with Miss Allen of Clifton House, took place at St. Andrew's, Wells Street. He then became resident at Woburn House, Pond Street. He had for two years previously lived at the house now No. 15, Mansfield Road, then described as a part of Oak Village. He exhibited in this year a marble bust of G. W. Digby, Esquire. In 1869 he took a house and studio, No. 25, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square (next door to Turner's house). For a short time he lived there, but on account of his wife's failing health he came back to Hampstead, leasing Lower Mount Cottage, where he resided until the end of his short life. It was prettily situated with another house upon a knoll overlooking the lowest pond, which is now covered by the ornamental grounds under the London County Council. Like Clifton House, this too has disappeared, the site being covered by the Station Parade.

His exhibits at the Royal Academy during the last nine or ten years of his life were chiefly subjects which were designed to enrich our cathedrals and churches. The reference to his works may well be brought to a close by calling attention to his chief productions in this direction, in the hope that visitors to our national buildings may recognise some of his works.

The following quotation is from an obituary notice in a Gloucester journal, which describes him as an ecclesiological sculptor of great ability:—

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"Some years ago Mr. Redfern was introduced to Lord Ellenborough by Sir Gilbert Scott, upon whose recommendation the noble Lord entrusted him with the restoration of the sculptures of the Chapel in Gloucester Cathedral, dedicated to St. Paul. Later on he produced the magnificent reredos, presented to the Cathedral by the Freemasons of the province, and upon the occasion of the opening of that exquisite work of art he was initiated a member of the Royal Gloucestershire Lodge in this city. The figures on the south porch of the Cathedral are also his work. He subsequently designed and produced the figures for the porch of the Bristol Cathedral, the history of which is so recent and unsavoury."

The work at Bristol here referred to consisted of twenty figures and a bas-relief. These were partly damaged by some Protestant iconoclasts, and afterwards removed to more congenial surroundings at the cost of Sir Tatton Sykes. Mrs. Redfern states that her husband warned the architect against making use of certain symbols in the design, as being likely to rouse opposition among the ultra low-church party; but his warning was not heeded.

In Ely Cathedral, the statues for the pulpit and those of the Apostles in the Octagon are his work. This locality recalls a work by him of another kind at Cambridge. It is a statue of the late Duke of Devonshire, about two-thirds life size, and placed outside the laboratory in Silver Street.

On the west front of Salisbury Cathedral there are sixty statues over life size, for which he was commissioned under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott as architect.

At the Inverness Cathedral is an angel-font, for which he was commissioned by Mrs. Learmouth, which



THE ENTOMBMENT.

From a Bas-relief by J. F. Roden, in the Mortuary Chapel, Sherborne Castle.

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was presented to the Cathedral through Bishop Ross. It is a fine work in marble. Numerous visitors to Inverness bring away with them a photograph of this work as a memento. He executed a replica of this work for St. Bartholemew's Church, New York. In Limerick Cathedral the sculptures in the Westropp Monument are from his studio. On the Lonsdale Monument in Lichfield Cathedral he did the angels, and in the Chapter House, Westminster, there is a colossal figure in high relief of "Our Lord in Majesty" and angels.

All Saints' Church, Clifton, Bristol, has twelve figures in the Reredos; St. Andrew's, Wells Street, with seven bas reliefs and twelve figures in the Reredos, may be specially mentioned. He was commissioned by the Marquis of Ripon and by Sir Tatton Sykes for some important works in marble for some Yorkshire churches, and he did some statues for the late Marquis of Bute for Cardiff Castle. A bas-relief of the "Entombment of our Lord" was executed for her late Majesty the Queen and placed at Windsor. On the pinnacle of the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park, there are eight figures of the Christian Virtues and four angels, which he designed and modelled for bronze. These represent the more important commissions with which he was entrusted.

We are able to give a reproduction from a photograph of a panel which he executed for Mr. G. W. Digby, and is placed in the Tympanum of the design for the mortuary chapel at Sherborne. This was exhibited in 1868 at the Royal Academy.

It will be seen in this work, that while strong emotion is expressed, it is never at the cost of truth and dignity. There is no angular agony, which marred so much of the expressive work of the mediæval sculptors.

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The long parallel lines of the tomb contribute to a sense of repose in the work, broken only by the symbols of suffering and by the left arm which hangs down in pathetic helplessness, the hand resting on the base line of the tomb. On the right the beloved disciple is supporting the body, the head of the Master leans against the disciple's breast *now*; while at the extreme left Mary Magdalene is bending over the feet with intense devotion, her long hair reminding us of her former tender offices, while her Lord yet lived. Behind her the "other Mary" is seen; and leaning towards her Son, her form expressing the deepest feeling, Mary, the Mother, caresses the wounded hand. Joseph of Arimathea completes the little company of those who devoutly laid our Lord in that new tomb "wherein was never man yet laid." The figure of our Lord is exquisitely modelled, and cannot fail to make its mute appeal to sympathetic eyes.

It must be borne in mind that in order to realise the full effect of this work, it should be seen in its proper setting. Deep mouldings cast a soft shadow over the upper part of the composition, giving a sweet gradation of light and shade.

It will be seen that he had accomplished a large quantity of work in his short life, and this involved him in considerable financial anxieties, which became a heavy burden to him. There is but little doubt that in a sensitive nature such as his was, this induced the physical conditions which ultimately brought his life to an untimely close.

Those who were most intimate with him recognised how utterly free from self-assertion he was, and could not escape the conviction that in his business arrangements with architects he too easily accepted the sums

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which they provided in their specifications for the work which he engaged to do. Those items were often sadly inadequate!

It was through no reckless expenditure, nor from any deviation from most abstemious habits, that he died leaving no provision for those whom he had to leave behind.

It was on a Sunday morning, June 11th, 1876, that the present writer visited him at Clifton House for the last time. His face betrayed the stress of pain under which he had been suffering for some time. The trees outside could be seen through the window, and the cheerful twitter of the birds could be heard. In response to a remark upon the beauty of the morning, he turned towards the window and sighed, saying, "How strange it all seems to me now; the loveliness of the sunshine and the song of birds, somehow they have ceased to appeal to me." And then turning his expressive eyes full upon his companion he asked, "Do you think I shall recover?" and at once realising the hesitation of the reply, he added, as he lay back upon the pillows, "Ah yes, I understand!"

Contrary to expectation, on the following Tuesday a sudden change for the worse set in, and he passed away, expressing to his wife a sense of the comfort that he found in the thought that his art had been chiefly devoted "to the glory of God." On the day of his death it was noticed that the carillon chimes of St. Stephen's Church were playing Mendelssohn's "O Rest in the Lord," and this was one of his favourite airs. Strong in musical feeling, the sound of the bells reached his ears and comforted him.*

* Those of us who have visited the Musée des Arts at Antwerp, will recall a similar incident recorded in the modern picture of "The Death of Peter Paul Rubens," by Van Brée, where the dying artist is seen surrounded by his sorrowing friends, listening to the sound of the Carillon chimes of his beloved Cathedral, coming through the open windows.

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His face was expressive of a certain innate strength of will and purpose, which underlay a kindly tenderness and sympathy of feeling. At rest, the expression was grave and calm, but the sunny play of humour shone through his eyes under the slightest provocation. Towards those whom he loved he seemed to realise the ideal of "an enthusiasm of self sacrifice." One is reminded of Browning's strong lines,

I'd feed their flame e'en from my heart's best blood,
Withering unseen that they might flourish still.

He wrote from his death-bed to his former master, earnestly asking him to do what he could for his wife and children; and Mr. Clayton most generously responded to that appeal soon after his death. Others have afforded generous help in realising his "heart's desire"; and, about 1891, the Rev. Canon Girdlestone succeeded in obtaining from the Government, a pension on the Civil List for Mrs. Redfern.

He was buried in the grounds of the Parish Church of St. John's, Hampstead.

D. DAVIES.





Straight Shooting.

BY ARTHUR PATERSON.



CHILL November afternoon. The prairie grass had donned its winter coat of colourless brown, varied by drab stretches of sage brush in its lower levels, with an occasional black patch of bare soil, whitened in the centre with alkali deposit. In the distance the squarely cut mesas or table lands, the ugliest, barest of mountains, surrounded the landscape. Nothing was to be seen, look where you might, to relieve a dead monotony of rolling prairie and volcanic "foot-hill," except at one spot, far to the west, over which at this moment the sun was setting, a dim white ridge of snow-covered peaks—the Rockies.

Two persons were watching the sun set this afternoon. One was a man of twenty-one years, lean, brown and weather-beaten, with features ordinary enough as nature had constructed them in the first instance, but which had been drawn by the life he had lived of late years, and circumstances, into hard, sharp lines. He had the face of a veteran at the end of a hard campaign. His eyes, once bright, had become dulled in expression, with a latent fierceness behind their quietude. His lips

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were colourless and tightly compressed, the under-lip slightly protruding. His cheeks were hollow, and this, together with the squareness of his chin, made the line of the jaw stand out in great prominence.

He was dressed in a low-necked blue flannel shirt, and brown canvas clothes, worn nearly threadbare and almost black. On his head was a broad-brimmed grey sombrero, tilted well back; round his waist the broad black cartridge belt of the frontiersman, garnished with a ten-inch Colt's revolver and a knife of equal length. A picturesque figure in its way, in spite of its rudeness; while the bearing of the man, for all the dour sadness of his face, had a certain indescribable air of power and patient endurance, characteristic of one who for three years had lived a life of constant hardship and danger—the life of a sheepman of the plains.

His companion was a slim girl of twenty. English by right of her fresh colouring, her plain dress of blue serge, remarkable for simplicity rather than "style"; above all by a tendency to reticence except when she was much moved, and an entire absence of the nearly universal accomplishment of her Transatlantic cousins—the decisive expression of an opinion, in season and out of season, upon all things human and divine.

Yet Alice Clare was not a typical British maiden from the American point of view. She was a person quick to feel and act. Her hair had a decided auburn tinge in it, her complexion the delicacy and fairness of the Celt.

Just now there was more colour in her cheeks than usual; her eyes were soft and her full sensitive lips were trembling, and the man beside her, seeing these things, slowly clenched his hands.

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"This time to-morrow," he began slowly, "you will be a hundred miles toward home."

She sighed, "I hate to think of it."

He clenched his hands a little harder, "You said yesterday you were longing to go home."

She gave a slight shiver as at some unpleasant recollection.

"I was tired after the dance at Cimmarron — what a queer dance it was—and I had a bad dream that night about that man who behaved so strangely to me."

"Crowle Campion."

"Was that his name? Yes, I remember. Kit, I never told you how horrid he was. He was not rude, exactly, he was—he was simply detestable."

"I know just what you mean." He spoke as if the matter were rather trivial. Alice looked slightly offended.

"I am sure you don't know," she said significantly. "Simply because if you did, you—being you—well," she paused to laugh, "I should be sorry for Mr. Crowle Campion."

He made no reply to this, and Alice, a person of very quick perception, looked up at him suspiciously.

"You don't seem much interested in the affair now—you were the night before last."

"It is over now."

"It was over then,"—she paused interrogatively—but as he said nothing she went on watching him out of the corners of her eyes, "I will tell you my dream. I thought he came to see me off—he said he would, and the idea haunted me I suppose—and that by some chance I was alone. The moment he found this out he held out both hands and came up as if to seize mine. I screamed—and woke. Of course it was very silly,

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but all day afterwards I was haunted by a terror lest I should see him again. That was why I said I wanted to go home."

"You will not see him again."

Kit's face was tranquillity itself, and his voice as gentle as the cooing of a dove. Alice became more suspicious than ever.

"You seem sure of that. Why are you so sure?" She had to wait for a reply to this question. Kit was not walking the prairie for amusement this afternoon. Two thousand sheep were feeding under his care, and all the time this conversation was being carried on, his eyes were roving over the flock. The sheep were fat and lazy—as they ought to be in the fall of the year—and had up to this instant been feeding for dear life, knowing well that within a few minutes they must move homewards for the night. But now, to the westward, at the very outskirts of the flock, furthest of all from where the herder and his companion stood, three sheep stopped feeding, looked up with extended ears and necks and sniffed uneasily. So far away was the movement, and so slight, that only a herder with long experience of his craft would have attached the least importance to it. But Kit, who had this experience, and possessed, besides, knowledge which had given him many anxious hours that day, guessed at a possible cause. And so, partly owing to this, and partly for another reason, he made no reply to Alice's questions, but remained intent and motionless, watching the sheep.

"Why are you so sure?" As Alice repeated the question she laid a hand on his arm. He answered then in an absent tone :

"We met last night."

"That means you quarrelled."

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"Men don't quarrel out West."

"They fight, I believe, sometimes."

"Sometimes." He spoke monotonously, as if he were hardly conscious of what he said, and Alice watching him, saw his eyes suddenly dilate, and his hand steal towards his belt.

"Kit, you see danger. What is it?" He dropped his hand at once."

"Only a wolf—or two—perhaps three."

"After the sheep? Oh! Where? I should like to see them, immensely." Alice was all excitement. "A real live wolf! Where? Where?"

But Kit had already turned away, and was walking with a thoughtful face toward the flock.

"They have gone."

He raised his fingers to his lips and blew a long, shrill, piercing whistle. The effect of the sound was wonderful. Every sheep in the flock raised its head expectantly, and all that were outlying turned with one accord as at a well-known signal, and ran toward their herder. There was no scurrying or panic. The movement began with those at the edge; as they reached their companions, these joined in, until all but the few feeding directly at the herder's feet had ranked themselves in a compact body, and stood baa-ing loudly.

"I have never seen you do that before," Alice said curiously, as they now approached the sheep, which, turning their heads, began to walk away at a steady tramp toward home. "Is it because of the wolves?"

"Yes."

There was a certain abruptness in the word which struck strangely on Alice's ears.

"We must get in. It will be dark in an hour."

They walked on now, briskly, up and down behind

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the trailing flock, and every time they turned Alice saw Kit's eyes sweep the horizon, and rest fixedly a moment and more on the spot where those wolves had been. But she thought little of this. Nothing was to be seen now, and she had not yet received an answer to her questions.

"When you fought Crowle Campion last night, Kit, what did you do to him?"

He moved his shoulders as a man does at some annoying circumstance being harped upon after it has ceased to be of the least importance.

"I did not hurt him much."

She gave a sigh of relief.

"I am thankful for that. Perhaps it was as well he should have a lesson. But where did you meet him?"

"Cimmarron."

"That is twenty miles away then. You were up all night, and yet worked all the next day—and to-day. How frightfully tired you must be."

"I should be more tired if I had let him be. You must know that, Alice."

He stood before her quite still, while the sheep now in sight of the water near the ranche, charged down the hill to it of their own accord.

"You must know that," he repeated, "and why it tired me to feel that any man should run loose after what he said to you."

They looked at one another in the dim light, and he saw her turn pale, while her lips quivered, and the tears started to her eyes.

"You mean—no—Kit, you have been my friend, only a friend. No, no, no, you cannot mean—that."

His chest heaved slowly, and his hands, which had an instant before been held out, dropped inert and cold to his sides.

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"I mean it all," he said, so quietly that had she not have known him very well, better than she knew herself, she would have thought him cold. "I have meant it all the time. But I did not mean to tell you so before you went away."

"Don't say that," she cried, wiping her eyes. Only I feel surprised, overcome. Oh! I cannot tell you what I feel. It kills me to see you look at me like this. To think that I am going away, leaving you to this miserable life, so lonely, bitter, and sad. Oh! Kit," she was sobbing now, "I never, never thought—. You have been good to me, how good! But so quiet all the time, and silent, and restrained. So unlike most of the men I know, who are always making love, wretched creatures! It never does them any harm, or me, either, and I never think of it very seriously. But you are different; you frighten me; your love frightens me, because—because it is so deep. Why, you could even ride forty miles, after all your day's work, to teach this man a lesson. Kit—" She paused suddenly with a kind of gasp, as if a thought had struck her. "Before we say another word about myself, tell me, if you really love me, tell the whole truth about Crowle Campion. There is something behind, I feel sure, something I do not know."

Kit sighed. There was anxiety in her face now, and dread. He saw that she had divined the truth, in spite of her ignorance of Western life, and it struck him now, that in her startled reception of his confession there had been hope for him—hope which the knowledge of what he had done to her enemy would blast as lightning blasts a tree. But he was cornered. He must either tell her all, or lie; and he knew not how to lie.

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"I challenged him," he said simply. "He chose weapons and made it six-shooters at twenty paces. We drew lots for first shot. He drew, and fired—too high." He drew off his hat and stooped, and Alice saw a mass of clotted hair and blood. The top of his head had been furrowed where a bullet had cut its way through—just missing the brain.

"Horrible!" she gasped. "How horrible!"

"Then it was my turn." He paused, gave a short cough, "—and that's all about it."

"You wounded him?"

Her voice was not above a whisper. Kit looked at her pityingly.

"I aimed," he said. "He did not. There was no pain in it. His face was quite peaceful when we picked him up."

"You murdered him!"

She spoke quietly, but her face was set.

"Murder!" he repeated mechanically, too much bewildered, even, to resent the word. "I don't know what you mean. Bob Croker, sheriff for the town was there; everyone was there and saw it through. Murder? He fired first."

"It was murder, none the less; cold-blooded, calculated murder." She spoke slowly, biting. "You may not think so. We are—different. And you dared, with the blood of a murdered man upon your hands, to tell me—oh!—if I had known. But I know now, and I—I will say good-bye—goodbye."

She turned her back at the word, and walked quickly down the hill, hiding her face from him. It was not a dignified ending to her reproof. But in spite of all her severity and her real disgust, her rebellious eyes would smart, and her strongest inclination was a burst of tears.

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The disappointment was too bitter to be borne, for now she realised how much this man had been to her.

As for Kit, all hope died in him. He said no word of reproach ; nor tried in any way to stop her. It was over—that was all, and his head drooped low between his broad shoulders, his feet dragged wearily, as he followed the flock and sought his partner at the sheep corral.

CHAPTER II.

ALICE went to the house, a long building of one storey, made of logs and roofed with earth. A rude structure on the outside, but within warm and snug, and at the present time furnished with some pretence to comfort. In the kitchen, through which Alice passed, was a stalwart negro cooking a most elaborate and dainty supper. The room beyond, the sitting-room of the establishment, boasted a carpet, an arm-chair, a lady's rocker, and a couch. The walls were only white washed it is true, and the ceiling not that, but even Mr. Atherton Clare—who was out here for his health, and who had nothing to do but think of his health—took no objection to this, though he did to most things.

He was stretched easily on the couch, reading a newspaper. A small man, with delicate features, pink and white complexion, and lustrous brown eyes. Consumption was written in every line of his face, and though just now, after three months in the foot-hills, in

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the driest climate and one of the most healthy in the world, 7,000 feet above the sea, he was extremely well—the grim spectre, which dogged him as a shadow, had only fallen behind a few steps. The first day he returned to London it would be at his heels again, the next upon his chest. But he would go back. He had been born and bred in London, and this dull prairie life bored him terribly, though less, in many ways, than the life of the conventional consumptive resorts. He was a student of human nature in his way, and the character of these frontiersmen of the West had interested him. But now he was tired of it; and with fullest realisation of what he should suffer, and what the cost must be, he had altered his plans, taken a flat in town, and was going home with a smiling face, and a cigar between his lips, to make his bow to Death. This was a way of the Clares: every one of them in one way or another, had gone forth to grip Death by the hand, and had found him earlier than most men. Atherton Clare was the last of his line.

There was one difficulty—Alice. She must marry. He had plenty of money to leave her, and as long as the man who could win her affections were a gentleman and of some family, he would find no difficulty with Atherton Clare. But Alice would not marry. She was devoted to her father for one thing, and though men fell in love with her as pigeons pick up peas, she seemed invulnerable. All the fastidiousness, so strongly characteristic of Atherton Clare, seemed to have descended to Alice, though without his delicacy of constitution and discontent. She enjoyed life, and was in the most robust physical health, and a favourite wherever she went with young and old. Her mother had died when she was very little, and her father had ever been all in

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all to her. His ill-health was the one cloud in the clear sky of the girl's life. The spectre following Clare was far more terrible to her than to him. The air of the plains and the foot-hills having driven it off for the time was precious to Alice—the only reason she knew of why the prairie should be so precious, and why she dreaded to leave it, why she felt she was leaving a home.

This evening, the last they were to be here, Clare looked up with keen watchful eyes at his daughter's face as she came in. He only had time for a glance as she passed through the sitting-room to her own room beyond, but to Clare that glance told all.

"Another," he murmured absently, biting off the end of a cigar, and then laying it aside remembering that supper was near; "and this time Grizzly Kit, as they call him. Well, that was a foregone failure, and anything else would have been—the devil. Yet he is a man—as men go—of a grain you don't often see. And she must hurry, or else there'll be no company for her but Aunt Maria, dear soul, with her committees all day, and meetings every night, Humph!"

He was tired, and dozed a little. Then roused himself with a yawn, and recollected that it was after supper time. He sat up and called for the cook.

"Joe, what have you been doing with the food?"

"Why, indeed, Massa Clare," the negro replied, coming in, fork in hand, "dat's what I've been a-saying to myself, dis hour an' more. I bin to de corrals, I bin everywhere, dere's no one. No Massa Tom, no Massa Kit. Seems to me," he scratched his head and frowned, "seems to me dat de debbil is in it—de bery debbil, sah."

He spoke gravely, and with meaning; and, then, without further words went back to his work.

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"Devil, or no devil," Clare said after him, "dish up, Joe, I am famishing. The boys must take their chance."

The supper was ready in a few minutes, and Alice, called by her father, took her place at the table. Joe waited on them and did it very badly, which was strange, as he had been ten years in a first-rate New York hotel.

"A kind, and hospitable send-off supper, this," observed Mr. Clare, cheerfully. "The last that we are to have with our kind hosts—they take care to avoid altogether. Joe, my friend," suddenly laying his hand on the negro's arm, "What is wrong? Come, tell us."

At this sudden attack, Joe started violently and nearly dropped the plates he was about to place on the table.

"I—I—hab seen something, sah, or, rather, heard it. But with Miss Alice here—you'll please excuse more, sah."

He tried to escape from the room.

"Stay where you are," Clare said relentlessly. "As for Miss Alice, she must share whatever is to happen. Now, unless I am very much mistaken, there is danger abroad to-night. Tell me, at once, what this danger is."

The negro's good-natured face twisted itself into the most awful contortions.

"But, sah, I am not to tell you. Massa Kit was most particular."

"You have seen him after all?"

"I seen him two minutes since. He's close around. Why, see, I'll go hunt him up, sah." And now Joe fled for his life. Mr. Clare smiled, and daintily sipped his soup.

"My dear, you will have your wish. We are in for an adventure, after all, before we leave this very dull and commonplace wild west. There is, certainly, the deuce to pay."

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“ But what can Kit mean ? ”

She paused. A man was in the doorway and Kit himself entered. He had taken off his ordinary walking boots, and put on shoes with soles of untanned cowhide and uppers of soft buckskin, so that he moved as silently as a ghost.

Clare gave him a cheerful greeting, to which Kit, responding calmly sat down to his supper with a hearty appetite. His face was thoughtful and preoccupied ; but not so strained as Alice saw it last ; and he ate his food at great speed without uttering a word. This, in its way, was a remarkable circumstance. Never before, since Clare and his daughter arrived at the ranche, had Kit forgotten his manners. And where was his partner, Tom Cheetham ?

“ When you are ready—quite ready—” Clare said softly, as Kit paused to drink a deep draught of coffee, “ we should like to hear the news.”

Kit nodded, but did not speak until he had cleared his plate.

“ Now,” he said rising, “ you shall have it all. Joe, shutters and doors. Then get out what I told you, and load.” The negro grunted assent and hurried away, and they heard the scrape and clang of bolts and lock. Kit went to the door, opened it and looked out, shut it, came back, and stood at the fire.

“ I must ask you to brace up your nerves,” he said, “ both of you. There is going to be trouble to-night. I have found out that a raid has been planned on the ranche by a band of Indian bucks—Apaches. They have given the settlements down south a bad time—and now, just before winter, when they are not expected, they have come to us, and they mean—business.”

He was looking at Clare hard while he spoke, and

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at the last word he slightly raised his eyebrows and nodded at Alice ; Clare nodded back. But Alice spoke first.

“ They are coming to rob ? ”

“ No,” Kit answered, “ They are coming to kill.”
Alice’s eyes opened wide, but only with surprise.

“ You have seen them ? ”

“ Their camp was in the rocks, near where we saw the sheep run. I have been there.”

“ The wolves, then, were not wolves.”

“ The worst kind, Apache scouts.”

“ You knew it, I believe, all the time, and never told me.” He nodded, and went to the window and began to put up certain heavy shutters which fitted cunningly into the casement.

Alice called him softly by name. They were alone. Mr. Clare had gone to his room.

“ Kit, why did you not tell me of the danger.”

He drove the bolts home with a will.

“ There was none—then. Besides, I had to tell you something else, and settle that—that question.”

His voice was quiet enough, even monotonous in tone, but Alice’s quick ear caught the dreariness of it, and she lightly touched his arm.

“ Kit. I have been thinking. I was unjust. I said what was not true. I—I ask your pardon.”

He turned sharply, and she felt the sudden grip of powerful hands.

“ Thank God.”

He was smiling at her with a curious expression in his face she could not understand. But before she could reply, and ask the question that sprang to her lips, he had turned away, a door opened behind her, and Mr. Clare came in. At his hip was a short sword, a

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cartridge belt, and holsters containing two revolvers. He had just lit a cigar.

CHAPTER III.

"THIS house is strongly built, Kit," Mr. Clare remarked a few minutes later, "and I admire the bolts; but after all we are within wooden walls, and Indians keep matches I believe."

"They would burn us out in half an hour."

"And so—what?"

"I have schemed that they shall be amused until Tom comes back with the boys. I started him off two hours since, and Clifton is nine miles. The men will have to be collected, and horses snaked in. I reckon another hour may see them here—but not less."

"And the Apaches? Where are they now?"

A low and gentle knock came at the kitchen door, repeated twice.

Kit jerked his head in that direction without speaking, and drew his revolver. Mr. Clare looked at his daughter.

"Talk of the devil—eh! How do you feel, my child?" Alice gave a nervous laugh. "Quite well, thank you, dear. Perfectly well." She spoke bravely—and held her head erect with a pretty defiance, but it was obviously an effort. Mr. Clare handed her a revolver: "Kit taught you to shoot,"—he said.—"Shoot straight—and remember that it is desirable with Indians to keep one

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shot in hand for emergencies—and that the most convenient spot, when the emergency arises, is this.”

He placed a finger upon her heart, and looked steadily into her eyes. Alice smiled faintly—and stooped, for she was taller than he, and kissed him.

“I will remember, dear.”

“As for Kit, our commandant,” Mr. Clare continued cheerfully—he was making the effort now—“He has a plan, I see, and so has Joe.” He chuckled as he spoke; for the burly negro, with sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, eyes and teeth gleaming dangerously, was kneeling behind the kitchen table. In his hands was a double-barrelled shot gun, one revolver close beside him, another in his belt, a huge carving-knife between his teeth. Kit, without arms except his revolvers, was looking thoughtfully at the door, from whence the knocking was steadily increasing, each knock a little louder and more insistent than the last. He turned at Mr. Clare’s remarks, and came to him, where he stood near the door between sitting-room and kitchen.

“I have fixed everything. There will be no inconvenience for either of you. Please go back in the parlour, though, and stay there. I have to let one Apache in, and he must not see too much.”

“And after that”—Mr. Clare said “—fight.”

“No, we shall pow-wow. Then he will go back, and tell the bucks, and if they agree to my terms—and I think they will—you will catch the train east without fail to-morrow.”

“And you?” It was Alice who spoke. “And you Kit—what are you going to do?”

He smiled at her question but Clare noticed that his face looked curiously pallid and colourless. “I shall amuse the Apaches,” he said. Then he closed the door,

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and before they could speak again, had securely locked them in.

"Father, what can he mean? I am certain he is going to run some terrible risk."

"Hush," Mr. Clare whispered, "he has let them inside now." He raised his revolver and cocked it, then lowered it slowly. "No, he was right, they are talking—Spanish too, though bad enough at that—but I can catch it, and will translate to you. The Indian says he's hungry and tired, and alone. Ah, I thought that would not last. Kit is telling him facts, which he admits. Kit threatens to fight to the last cartridge, and to give—hum!—no quarter to any of us. This, he says, will not profit the Apaches. But he suggests if they will leave the ranche alone, he will—he will!—what? My God—Oh my God!" Mr. Clare stopped short, and Alice saw his keen face contract and quiver, as if in intense pain. He lost all self-control, bit his lips, stamped his foot, and yet all the time his ear was close to the door—listening to the voices, or rather to Kit's voice, for he was speaking steadily, clearly, emphatically. At last the voice stopped; there were a half-dozen words from the Indian, the creak of an opening door, and then silence.

Mr. Clare kicked the kitchen door vigorously. Kit opened it himself.

"Only one buck came in," he said. "It's nearly settled. He will be around again in a minute."

He was quite cheerful now. And though he was still pale, the expression of his face was tranquil. He smiled reassuringly at Alice.

"You should have seen my visitor. "He wore the hat of a Methody minister, with a hole in the crown, and his scalp lock trailing out of it. His coat—

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he had nothing beneath it except paint—was a dress coat with a velvet collar, but he had cut off the tails. The lower part of him was in buckskin and moccasin. The quaintest kind of cuss—eh Joe?"

Joe would not rise to the occasion.

"Blast him!" he growled. "I say, shoot de whole crowd of 'em, until dey blaze us up. P'raps Massa Tom come before then. If not—well, it's better than you goin' out."

"Dry up," Kit said sternly. "Right there—stop." But for once, the first time since Joe had took service with Cheetham and Brand five years ago, he flatly disobeyed orders.

"I won't, Massa Kit. No, you shan't silence dis man 'cept you break his skull. Massa Clare and you missey—listen here to me."

Tap. Tap. Tap. The knocking again; this time a sharp impatient summons. At the sound, and paying no attention to Joe, Kit went to the door. But he found Mr. Clare before him. His delicate face was hard; his eyes and mouth rigid with determination.

"No!" he said, blocking up the doorway. "I have a word to say. Joe may save himself further trouble. I was in Spain as a boy and I have heard it all. I know what you propose to do and will not have it."

The knocking came again, loud and furious. Kit tried to put the little man gently aside

"We have no time to argue. The next blow will be from a tomahawk. Go into the parlour, or they will start— For your daughter's sake, go."

"She shall judge," he said. "Alice, Mr. Brand, to save our lives—your life—has offered himself to these Indian devils to be tortured."

Alice gave a shuddering cry.

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"It's nothing," Kit said. "I am as hard as nails. It is the only way to keep them quiet."

"Nails have no flesh to burn," Mr. Clare rejoined quietly. "Hush!"—he held up his finger—"I hear the crack of the logs and pine-knobs stolen from the wood-pile. They are making ready now. The ceremony is elaborate and interesting, Alice. First they will hang him over a slow fire, which will burn him inch by inch."

"For God's sake, man," Kit cried furiously, "drop it. Out of the way."

"Inch by inch," Clare continued remorselessly. "It takes about three hours to reach any vital part. Meanwhile they tear the flesh with blunt knives, dig out the eyes and teeth." Kit was now beside himself. Seizing Mr. Clare by the shoulder he swung him forcibly, though as quietly as possible, from the door. He grasped the handle and was about to draw the bolt, but Alice's hand held it fast. "If you go," she said in a low suppressed tone, "I shall go with you, Kit."

"Stand away," he cried hoarsely. "This is my business." They struggled a moment, and then he took her in his arms and carried her into the sitting-room. Another instant and he would have been outside, in spite of them all. But as he put Alice down she raised her arms and flung them about him, and he found himself a prisoner, her breath against his cheek; her lips close to his.

"Kit, my Kit!" she whispered. "Will you send me mad."

Crash!!—The tomahawk rang upon the door, then came the sound of splintering wood, and breaking glass from all the windows of the ranche, and, above all, a long wild scream—the Apache war-whoop. It was too late. Yet in the midst of all the hurly-burly two hearts felt a sudden sense of peace and happiness.

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"My darling, after all," Kit whispered, as their lips met. "But I would have loved to do it, for you."

He raised his head, and put her from him, and his voice rang out cheerfully, "We hold this room. Joe the kitchen. Mr. Clare the bedroom. Alice go to that corner out of fire. They are in—steady now. Remember to fire low! Fire low!

Another crash! The kitchen window had given way, and the pit-a-pat of moccasined feet sounded on the boards. Crack! Joe, kneeling at the inner door, fired twice in succession, and the kitchen was empty. Only three bodies, there, which quivered and then lay still.

"Load," said Kit, close to his ear, "and leave it to me."

Both rooms were dark; but, outside, the moon had risen, and this gave the besieged advantage, and after one more attempt to enter the window—frustrated by Kit's revolver—the Indians, always careful of their lives, fell back. But the end was very near. The crackle of burning wood came now from under the windows, and the smoke of pine and cedar began to fill the rooms. At a word from Kit, Mr. Clare and Joe left the doors and became a bodyguard to Alice. But there was little need of this yet. The enemy counted upon the effect of slow suffocation to drive their victims out. On every side of the house Indians stood waiting, tomahawk in hand, with gleaming eyes and teeth, yet motionless as statues and nearly as patient—waiting for the end. They were cunning, these Apaches, and had conducted their business well, though, had they tortured Kit, they would have forgotten the rest for a time, having their weaknesses.

The smoke rose and curled in through the kitchen

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window, and the ranche began to blaze, for there was a brisk wind, and the Indians had piled high the burning logs. In ten minutes all would be over.

Of a sudden, now, an Indian, further from the ranche than the others, turned his head to the north and listened. His example was followed by many. There was a yell, the long wolf-cry of warning, and, in a flash, the fired ranche was deserted, and the Apaches were flying for their lives.

A whistle, and a hoarse shout :—

“Let go—to Hell!—Let go!” And from every side, as from the bowels of the earth, rose white men, deadly repeating rifles in their hands, with which they picked off the panic-stricken Apaches, as sportsmen massacre pheasants in October. The Indians' only hope lay in their horses. But their horses were gone.

Across the space before the ranche, as the attack began, a dozen men charged in at a run. They carried pistols and bare knives, these men, not rifles. Their object was to save all that might be found alive—or kill.

But, even as they reached the windows and dashed in, the door of the centre room was jerked open from the inside, and a man, burnt and blackened almost beyond recognition, staggered out with a woman in his arms, followed by a negro with another burden.

“Kit,” cried the same voice which had called the death-knell of the Indians—Kit's partner. “How's things, then?”

“Right,” was the reply, hoarse and weak. “Room, boys, she's fainted. Water, one of you, and then stand back.”

He laid his burden on the ground and drew her head upon his knee. Tom knelt beside him.

“Clare's dead,” he whispered. “Gosh! The girl

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had better not come to at all, I'm thinking. She'll be alone in the world."

Kit loosened the dress at the throat. "No," he said. Then with scorched lips he kissed her on the cheek and raised her head. "She's mine—now.—Mine."



FROM A HAMPSTEAD DOORWAY.



A New Version.

By MAX PEMBERTON.

I sing a lad, I sing a lass !

With a heigho-dil-da-dilly !

And this is how it came to pass,

With a heigho-dil-da-dilly !

He walked alone in a garden fair,

He'd no idea that a woman was there,

But Lord, sir, woman is everywhere.

With a heigho-dil-da-dilly.

CHORUS.

He'd no idea that a woman was there,

But Lord, sir, woman is everywhere.

With a heigho hey-da-dilly.

They walked alone in the silent glade,

With a heigho-dil-da-dilly !

And he was a man and she was a maid,

With a heigho-dil-da-dilly !

And she begged the gift with a sigh and a pout,

And the girlish word he never did doubt—

So the woman came in and the man went out

With a heigho-dil-da-dilly.

CHORUS.

It's always thus, that you've never a doubt,

And the woman comes in and the man goes out.

With a heigho-dil-da-dilly.



A Glimpse of Old Hampstead.

BY CONSTANCE HILL.

"The pleasantest village about London."—A. L. BARBAULD.



MID the many changes that are taking place around us, it is pleasant to turn our thoughts to the time when Hampstead was still a village with a life of its own, far removed from the noisy city, to which its highway descended between green fields and shady lanes. There are old inhabitants, yet living, who can recall that time.

Mrs. Cooke-Yarborough, who resided with her parents in Church Row from about 1821 to 1837, has kindly jotted down for us some of her early recollections. She describes the Parish Church long before the chancel was built at the west end, when the Communion Table stood at the east end, flanked by the two main entrances, while on the wall behind it were the Ten Commandments surmounted by "cherubs floating upon clouds." She speaks of the heavy galleries of dark woodwork, and of the "large oblong pews on either side of the

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middle aisle, with seats facing each other," one of which her parents shared with Lady Byron, who was then living in Hampstead. Below the reading desk was a smaller desk for the clerk. The clerk, she tells us, always gave out the metrical psalms and the hymns, beginning with the words "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God." He also gave out various notices such as "On Tuesday next, at two o'clock, there will be held a Court Leet and Customary Court at Jack Straw's Castle," and "Notice is hereby given that all pigs found straying in the High Street will be put into the pound."

The pound is still to be seen near to the White Stone pond, and over the way, the White Stone itself, now festooned with roses, bears its old inscriptions, "IV. miles from St. Giles's Pound," and "4½ miles from Holborn Bars." In former days Hampstead boasted a pair of stocks as well as a pound. These, together with the lock-up, stood in the open piece of ground at the lower end of Flask Walk. An old inhabitant (Mrs. G.) well remembers seeing an excited crowd running down Flask Walk with a man in their midst, grasped by a constable, and hearing people say that he was going to be put in the stocks because he had insulted the parson, the Rev. Dr. White.

Dr. White was Incumbent of Hampstead from 1806 to 1841. He did not inhabit the Parsonage, but lived at Montagu Grove. His was a prominent figure in those days. He ruled his parishioners in a somewhat absolute fashion, but was respected for his justice by Nonconformists as well as by Churchmen.

Mrs. G. remembers an old man who used to pace up and down Flask Walk, calling out "Congreve lights! Congreve lights! A half-penny a box." These were the first "friction matches" which came into general use,

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superceding the flint and tinder. They were invented in 1827 and took their name from Sir William Congreve, the inventor of the Congreve rocket. A folded piece of glass paper was supplied with each box, through which the match had to be drawn. Another street cry of her day was :—

Lambs to sell, young lambs to sell.
If I had as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry young lambs to sell.
Two for a penny, young lambs to sell.

These lambs were made of small flat pieces of tin, covered with wool.

The same person remembers the visits of a man with a peep-show. A troop of children followed at his heels, with empty bottles in their hands; the fee for a "peep" being either a bottle or a half-penny. A show of another kind was to be seen at the further end of Belsize Lane—then a country road overhung with black-berry bushes. Here an old man lived in a tiny wooden house on wheels. For a small entrance fee he displayed the fittings of his house—his clock, his tea and dinner services, and his pots and pans; the curiosity of the show consisting in the fact that every article, down to his pin-cushion, was made of wood.

"On May Day," writes Mrs. Cooke-Yarborough, "there was always a Jack-in-the-green. This was a man who danced about under a huge extinguisher made of evergreens, and surmounted with fluttering ribbons. A number of black sweeps with gay ribbons danced round him." In Chambers' "Book of Days" the author observes, "How this black profession should have been the last sustainers of the old rites of May Day in the metropolis does not appear." Possibly the cause is to be found in a circumstance related in Cates' Biographical

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Dictionary. The only son of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu ran away from Westminster School and got employment as a sweep. But his employers, discovering his identity, brought him back to his parents. They were handsomely rewarded; and we are told that in commemoration of the event, the celebrated Mrs. Montagu (a member of the same family) gave an annual dinner on May Day to the London sweeps.

There were no milk carts to be seen in the Hampstead of former times. Her milkmen, like her water-carriers, wore a yoke and bore the milk in pails. One only of these milkmen remains, who may be seen daily climbing the steep ascents of Mount Vernon.

The last of the stage-coaches is remembered by one of our oldest inhabitants—Miss D.—who tells us that before starting for London it used to make a round, calling at the houses of its various passengers, now on the Heath, now at the foot of Downshire Hill, or elsewhere, and that the driver waited patiently till the passengers were ready to start. Sedan-chairs were also used within the memory of Miss D., and many a younger person will remember their successors, the neat donkey chairs, made in the form of bath chairs, which used to be a marked feature amongst the cabs and carriages waiting to convey the company from some evening entertainment. They were clean, warm and cosy, and were much patronized by ladies. Their fair passengers, once closed up within, the sturdy little steeds vied with each other in dashing off into the darkness, whilst the drivers ran by their side as fast as they could go.

"I remember," writes Mrs. Cooke-Yarborough, "calling on Mrs. Joanna Baillie, as a child, with my mother. She was a very refined looking old lady, and lived (at Bolton House) with her sister, Mrs. Agnes

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Baillie." The Baillies were valued friends of my eldest uncle, Matthew Davenport Hill's family, who then resided in the Vale of Health. These cousins have retained through life a vivid recollection of their happy visits as children to Bolton House, and of the dainty teas set out in the panelled downstairs parlour, where a special feature was some home-made white currant jelly, much appreciated by the small guests. Joanna Baillie stood as godmother to the youngest member of this family who bore her name.

Hampstead folk were ready to boast of the fact that the authoress of "Plays on the Passions," the friend of Sir Walter Scott and of Maria Edgeworth, dwelt amongst them. A daughter of the Rev. Dr. White remarked, in the pride of her heart, to a learned Oxford don who was visiting her father, "I suppose you know that Joanna Baillie lives here?"

The rejoinder was unexpected. "Ah! indeed, is that the woman who shot at the Queen?"

Mrs. Le Breton, in her pleasant "Memories of Seventy Years," tell us that "soon after the publication of the last volume of the 'Plays,' Mrs. Joanna's friends got up a reading of one of them at the 'Holly Bush' Assembly Rooms, then the only public rooms in Hampstead. Mrs. Bartley," she continues, "who had been on the stage, was asked to read. She performed her task with much effect and feeling. The large room was quite full. The two dear old ladies, dressed alike in grey silk, with pretty lace caps, came quietly in with the rest, Mrs. Joanna walking meekly behind her elder sister. Her friends understood her feelings too well to distress her by any public recognition of her presence, though she accepted their congratulations at the end with evident pleasure and simple dignity."



BRANCH HILL, HAMPSTEAD, IN 1843.

From the original pencil drawing by the late C. H. L. Woodd, in the possession of Mrs. Woodd.

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"She told us," adds the writer, "in her quiet droll way, that some of her old friends in Scotland were shocked at the line of writing she had taken to, and she said she had seen in a letter from one of them, 'Have ye heard that Jocky Baillie has taken to the *public line*?' "

In that same *large room* "balls were given every Easter," writes Mrs. Cooke-Yarborough, "and a children's ball after Christmas." On the latter occasion "Whippard's Band, which was *the* London Band in those days, performed in an orchestra and only children were the dancers from six to eleven. After that the elders danced and the children went home." She goes on to say, "In that room, I remember hearing, when I was seven years old, Mrs. Elizabeth Fry speak on behalf of prisoners. About 1833, a Literary and Scientific Society was formed, and the meetings were held there. Mr. Webster lectured on Geology and Mr. Lardner on the Steam Engine." When the power of telegraphing by means of electricity was first discovered, a learned lecturer astounded his audience by sending a message along a wire from the lecture room to the room below! Professor Lindley lectured on Botany and Dr. Ure on Chemistry. Here also Constable delivered his memorable lectures upon landscape painting.

On the summit of Hampstead Hill, between "Judges Walk" and "The Grove," there was formally an open green, in the midst of which stood a great elm, encircled by a seat, known as the "village tree." That tree is still standing, but it is now enclosed in the grounds of Tudor House. Here the villagers used to spend many a summer evening, enjoying the lovely view spread out before them, or watching a game of cricket played upon the green. It was a favourite spot for out-door preaching. Here Edward Irving held

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forth, and was heard on one occasion by Miss D., when a child. A pretty cousin, who accompanied her, was attached to a young man named Fowler, of whom her friends disapproved, for had they not seen him enter the doors of a public-house? Irving was standing, says Miss D., on the seat beneath the elm, his hair blown by the wind, gesticulating violently. Just as the girls drew near they were startled and confounded by hearing him shouting at the top of his voice, "Beware of the snare of the fowler! Beware of the snare of the fowler!"

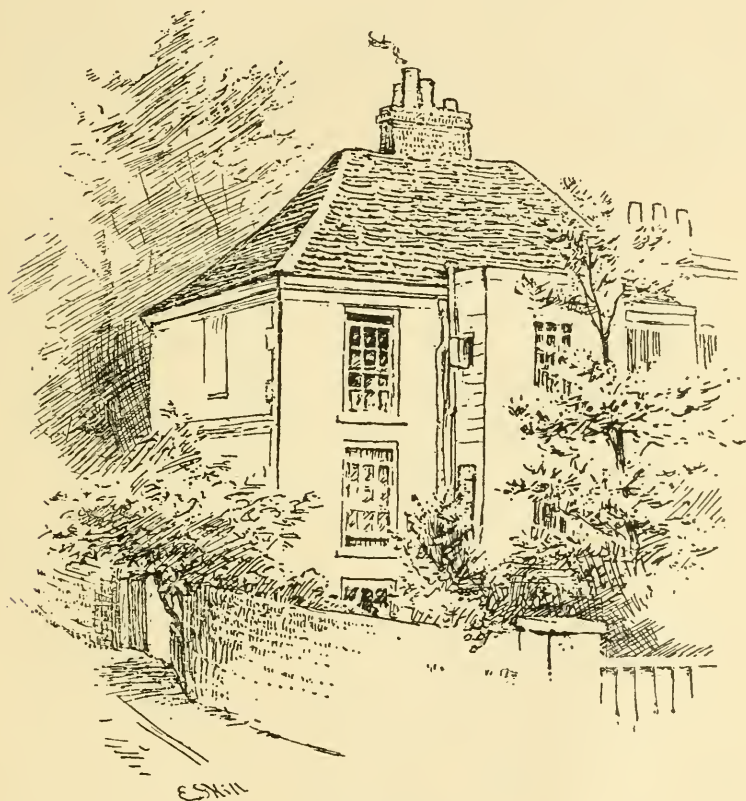
One of the oldest houses in the neighbourhood of the "village tree" is Grove Lodge, which abutts upon Constable's "Romantic house at Hampstead." It was formerly a farm-house and must once have stood almost alone on its corner of "Hampstead's airy summit." It is a curious rambling building, full of narrow passages and unexpected steps leading to small rooms stowed away in odd corners, and it possesses several secret cupboards and strange recesses hidden behind panelling. There is a room at the top of the house, where long ago priests' vestments were discovered. Mrs. Swan, a former owner of the Lodge, remembered her grandmother telling her how, when a child, she used to play at games in that upper chamber, arraying herself in those old vestments. The room, which remains unchanged, must have presented a quaint background to such a scene, with its great beams supporting the low ceiling and its dormer windows on either side.

Grove Cottage (the home of the present writer) may perhaps claim to be a contemporary of Grove Lodge. It was formerly the way-side inn of Frognal, its sign being the "Three Pigeons." There is a shallow recess in the north wall of the house into which the sign was inserted. Beneath the dwelling are roomy cellars,

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used in former days for storing ale and reached by a ladder.

The High Street of our village and its approaches were primitive and picturesque within the memory of many persons still living.



GROVE COTTAGE.

Formerly the "Three Pigeons."

On the left of the high-way rose the grassy slopes of the Roslyn fields, dotted here and there with groups of fine elms ; and beside the road was a pond, overshadowed by trees, where weary horses refreshed themselves before climbing the long hill. On the

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opposite side a double row of lime trees bordered fields with grazing cattle. Then came an old brick mansion amid its spreading lawns (still standing), and next a row of pretty front gardens, running down to small verandahed houses, which continued till Pilgrims' Lane, intersected, however, by Downshire Hill. There the view widened, and above the descending roofs of neat country houses and the cupola of the quaint Georgian "Chapel of Ease," was seen the sister hill of Highgate with its church :

A steeple issuing from a leafy rise,
With farmy fields in front and sloping green.

Beyond Pilgrims' Lane the village began with a row of small shops, which rose one above another on the steep ascent, their white awnings catching the sunlight. On the opposite side of the way stood Heddon House, once occupied by Mrs. Barbauld, and described by her as "standing in the high road at the entrance of the village, quite surrounded by fields." At this point stood the great chesnut tree, which still mounts guard at the the beginning of the town ; then came two or three old houses behind gardens, one of which had stone sphinxes on its gate-posts. Higher up the hill and standing back from the road, was the inn of the Red Lion—a quaint edifice of red brick, with leaded casement windows, white steps and a small porch, its sign swinging in front. Red-roofed out-buildings on the left and the projecting garden wall of Vane House on the right, flanked a space where a settle for customers was shaded by the trees in the garden, and where wagons could stand in front of the inn. Then came Vane House itself, a fine old manion, and Belmont House (originally a part of the same building), which was occupied at one time by John

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Lewis Mallet, the son of the well-known Mallet du Pan, who played so noble a part during the French Revolution.

At the top of Red Lion Hill (on the right hand side) could be seen at a little distance Carlisle House—a large white building standing in a wide courtyard, whose gardens and meadows stretched down to the lower heath. Then came more shops facing a grassy bank on the opposite side of the street, which was surmounted by the tall elms, with their cawing rooks, in Mr. Longman's grounds. The shops were divided here and there by bits of garden, and by the tavern still standing—the “King of Bohemia.” I can myself remember some of them, and recall, as I write, their air of sober—almost solemn—gentility. There was Mr. Smith's, the book-seller's, in whose small-paned window stood rows of Bibles and prayer-books in dark morocco bindings, and, further on, Mr. Judge's, the clockmaker's; *his* window had a special attraction for children, on account of a curious piece of mechanism there set forth. From a lion's mouth, on the side of a small bronze fountain, a rod of twisted glass revolved, giving the appearance of water falling from a spout. Higher up the street, and just where Gayton Road now joins it, was Mr. Simon's, the plumber's, in whose bowed window stood the life-sized figure of a dwarf, clad in a buff jerkin, top boots and gilt helmet, and holding a spear in his hand. Further on, came the fancy stationer's shop, kept by the elder Miss Langmead—whose father, in faultless broadcloth and white tie, was our respected Parish Clerk of the old school. In appropriate propinquity (on the same side of the way) came the parsonage with its narrow frontage of evergreens and pillared doorway. Here the Rev. Thomas Ainger lived, who followed Dr. White as

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Incumbent of Hampstead. At the back of the parsonage lay a large and beautiful garden, and, in fact, gardens large and small interlaced behind many houses on this side both of the High Street and of Heath Street, giving occasional peeps to persons shopping of summer foliage or spring blossoms. The irregular buildings and shops opposite, including the overhanging room at the opening of Perrin's Court, remain, for the most part, as picturesque as ever.

At the corner of the turning to Norway House were the two bow windows, white steps and doorway of Mrs. Tanner's, the pastrycook's shop, and further on, the post office, where Berlin wool was sold in addition to postage stamps, and where business was carried on in a leisurely and dignified style.

On the opposite side of this narrow part of the High Street were modest shops and small taverns and arched entrances leading to courts that lay behind. At the top of the street and just below Holly Hill stood the inn of the "Black Boy and Still," projecting on to the footway, with its gates and stable-yard and a quaint bow window seen at right angles to the street.

In steep Heath Street the shops became few and far between. Conspicuous among them was the forge with its bright firelight, its dark moving figures, and the sharp sound of the hammers on the anvil. Beyond the forge and opposite the "Mount" with its fine old houses and tall elms, was a large garden full of fruit trees, which sloped down at the back to Brewhouse Lane. Within this garden stood a small white house, the home of a Mr. Campbell, who lived in high favour with the village boys, to whom he used to throw handfuls of apples over his garden fence. On the higher part of Heath Street were a few more straggling shops, while beyond them

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were some quaint dwelling houses, standing at various angles to the road and intersected by Elm Row, with its "Queen Anne" houses, and lastly the long garden wall and great overhanging trees, adjoining the house which was once the "Upper Flask." Here, on the summit of the hill, the wide heath opened in all its natural wildness, with its sand pits, its yellow gorse, and its blue distances.

Hampstead has always had a character for attracting eccentric personages to its neighbourhood. We have known several of these. One of them was a Miss Mullins (I do not give her real name), a little dress-maker of the old school, rather timid by nature, who regarded life from a dress-making point of view. Seeing two little girls at play, she remarked: "It's a pity, miss, they don't agree." I assured her that the children were usually very good friends. "Oh! please ma'am," she exclaimed, "I didn't mean that; it's the *frocks*!" These were of different shades of blue.

She usually prefaced her remarks by the words "If not too rude." Hearing that a whale had been caught off the coast of Scotland she asked: "If not too rude, will it make whalebone cheaper?"

She had a curiously allusive way of talking. One day in the midst of fitting a bodice which under her hands always bristled with pins, she remarked, "Very handsome young man!"

"Indeed, Miss Mullins!" I answered rather surprised.

"Yes, miss, but you see my mother didn't approve." It appeared, upon my questioning her, that she had had a lover long ago, who had just renewed his addresses in the hope that she would mount guard over his seven children; but this she refused to do.

Another of her allusive observations was: "Poor

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young man, Miss, not been in his grave six months and they won't have *her* in the show-room—between you and me, I should not like it mentioned—but rather a hasty temper!”

Miss Mullins had no faith in any of the large London shops, which had come into being since the days of her youth, but had the profoundest confidence in “Mr. Shooldbred.”

I will mention another eccentric Hampstead worthy, whom we will call Miss Chick. She bore a strong resemblance to Thackeray's Miss Honeyman in the “Newcomes,” being like her “a little brisk old lady,” holding her head high in spite of narrow means, and deriving her importance from the fact that her father had been a Rector. She wore a large crinoline, over which her dress was elaborately looped up, a well-arranged shawl and a close-fitting bonnet, with a clean “cap front”; and she invariably carried a reticule containing papers or a small basket of eggs upon her arm.

Miss Chick was a great authority upon Charity Elections, which brought her into contact with many of the leading families of Hampstead, by whom she was much respected. She bustled about collecting votes to place this child in an orphanage, or that old woman in a almshouse, and enjoyed relating stories of her triumphs at the Election Meetings, which she always attended in person. To eke out a scanty pension she used to gain a little money by keeping fowls and selling eggs. These eggs were offered in a genteel fashion to her acquaintances. They were never handed to a servant, but were brought by herself into the parlour; a thundering double rap at the front door having announced her arrival.

She used to talk in a lofty manner of “*Mi* brother the artist,” describing his pictures with pride. One day

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she informed us, with expressions of indignation and astonishment, that his great portrait piece—a group of children—had actually been rejected by the Royal Academicians. “The grandmother of those children, however,” she said, “had declared that nothing would induce her to visit the Royal Academy that year!”

Many other quaint folk and many other scenes full of pleasant associations, either seen or heard of, come to my mind, but these must wait until we can take another glimpse at Old Hampstead.





Coleridge's Marginalia in a Copy of "Robinson Crusoe."

"Reader, if haply thou art blessed with a moderate collection be shy of showing it ; or if thy heart overfloweth to lend them, lend thy books, but let it be to such a one as S.T.C.—he will return them (generally anticipating the time appointed) with usury ; enriched with annotations tripling their value. I have had experience. Many are these precious MSS. of his—in matter oft times, and almost in quantity, vying with the originals, in no very clerkly hand—legible in my Daniel ; in old Burton ; in Sir Thomas Browne ; and those abstruser cogitations of the Greville now alas ! wandering in Pagan Lands. I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library against S.T.C."—The Two Races of Men (Essays of Elia).

Communicated by HENRY B. WHEATLEY, F.S.A.



WE cannot claim Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834), the exquisite poet and profound philosopher, as an inhabitant of Hampstead, although he was a constant visitor from No. 3, The Grove, Highgate, to the neighbouring "Northern Height." Coleridge went to reside with Mr. James Gillman the well-known surgeon of Highgate in 1816, and at his house he remained for the rest of his life.

Few of us care for our books to be scribbled over by the friends to whom we lend them, but then we are not favoured like Charles Lamb, in having an

pressure of the ranks on each other, and with exception of the ever-increasing class of paupers, so universal is the ambition of appearances that morally and practically we scarcely have a middle class at present.—S.T.C., 1830."

p. 5—*text*: "I resolved not to think of going abroad any more, but to settle at home according to my father's desire. But alas! a few days wore it all off."

C.'s Note. "A most impressive instance and illustration of my aphorism that the wise only possess ideas, but that the greater part of mankind are possessed by them. Robinson Crusoe was not conscious of the master impulse, because it *was* his master, and had taken full possession of him."

p. 16—*text*: "But my ill-fate pushed me on now with an obstinacy that nothing could resist."

C.'s Note. "When once the mind, in despite of the remonstrating conscience, has once abandoned its free power to a haunting impulse or idea, then whatever tends to give depth and vividness to this idea or indefinite imagination increases *its* despotism, and in the same proportion renders the reason and free will ineffectual. Now fearful calamities, sufferings, horrors, and hair-breadth escapes will have this effect far more than even sensual pleasure and prosperous incidents. Hence the evil consequences of sin in such cases, instead of retracting and deterring the sinner, goad him on to his destruction. This is the moral of Shakespear's Macbeth, and this is the true solution of this paragraph, not any over-ruling decree of Divine wrath, but the tyranny of the sinner's own evil imagination which he has voluntarily chosen as his master. Compare the contemptuous Swift with the condemned De Foe, and how superior will the latter be found. But by what test? Even by this.

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The writer who makes me sympathise with his presentations with the *whole* of my being, is more estimable than the writer who calls forth and appeals to but a part of my being—my sense of the ludicrous for instance; and again, he who makes me forget my *specific* class, character, and circumstances, raises me into the univerval man. Now this is De Foe's excellence. You become a man while you read."

p. 72—*text*: "I smiled to myself at the sight of this money: 'O drug!' said I aloud, 'what art thou good for? . . . I have no manner of use for thee; e'en remain where thou art, and go to the bottom, as a creature whose life is not worth saving.' However, upon second thoughts I took it away;* and wrapping all this in a piece of canvas I began to think of making another raft."

C.'s Note. * Worthy of Shakespear; and yet the simple semi-colon after it, the instant passing on without the least pause of reflex consciousness is more exquisite and masterlike than the touch itself. A meaner writer, a Marmontel, would have put an '!' after 'away,' and have commenced a new paragraph.—S.T.C., 30 July, 1830.

p. 100—*text*: "I ought to have been as thankful for so strange and unforeseen a providence, as if it had been miraculous: for it was really the work of Providence."

C.'s Note. "To make men feel the truth of this is one characteristic object of the miracles worked by Moses—the providence miraculous, the miracles providential."

p. 114—*text*: "The growing up of the corn, as is hinted in my journal, had at first some little influence upon me, and began to effect me with seriousness, as long as I thought it had something miraculous in it; but as soon as that part of the thought was removed, all the impression which was raised from it wore off also as I have noted already."

C.'s Note. "By far the ablest vindication of

miracles that I have met with. It is indeed the true ground, the proper purpose and intention of a miracle."

p. 127—*text*: "I was king and lord of all this country indefeasibly, and had a right of possession."

C.'s Note. By the bye, what *is* the law of England re[lat]ing to] this. Suppose I had discovered or been wrecked [on an] uninhabited island. Would it be mine or t[he] Ki[ng's]. [The top corner of the leaf has been torn off since the note was written].

p. 201—*text*: "I could not foresee what the ends of divine wisdom might be in all this, so I was not to dispute his sovereignty, who as I was his creature had an undoubted right, by creation to govern and dispose of me absolutely as he thought fit, and who as I was a creature that had offended him, had likewise a judicial right to condemn me to what punishment he thought fit; and that it was my part to submit to bear his indignation, because I had sinned against him."

C.'s Note. "I could never understand the reasoning grounded on a compleat misapprehension of St. Paul's potsherd, *Rom. ix.* [*v.* 21 "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one unto honour and another unto dishonour?"] Or rather I do fully understand the absurdity of it. The susceptibility of pain and pleasure, of good and evil contributes a *right* on every creature endued therewith in relation to *every* rational moral Being, a portion therefore to the Supreme Reason, to the absolutely *good* Being."

p. 209—*text*: "I must testify from my experience, that a temper of peace, thankfulness, love and affection, is made the more proper frame for prayer than that of terror and discomfiture."

C.'s Note. "As justly conceived as it is beautifully expressed and a mighty motive for habitual prayer, for this cannot but facilitate the performance of rational prayer even in moments of urgent distress."

p. 219—*text*: "The very name of a Spaniard is reckoned to be frightful and terrible to all people of humanity or of Christian com-

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passion, as if the Kingdom of Spain were particularly eminent for the produce of a race of men who were without principles of tenderness or the common bowels of pity to the miserable."

C.'s Note. "De Foe was a true philanthropist who had risen above the antipathies of nationality but he was evidently partial to the Spanish character, which, however, it is not, I fear, possible to acquit of cruelty.—America, the Netherlands, the Inquisition, the late Guerilla warfare, etc., etc."

p. 225—*text*: "That I shall not discuss, and perhaps cannot account for; but certainly they are a proof of the converse of spirits."

C.'s Note. "This reminds me of a conversation I overheard, 'How a statement so injurious to Mr. S. and so contrary to the truth should have been made to you by Mr. Mahony, I do not pretend to account for, only I know of my own knowledge that Mahony is an inveterate liar, and has long borne malice against Mr. S., and I can prove that he has repeatedly declared that in some way or other he would do Mr. S. a mischief.'" To this note is added in pencil: "Do not see how the above is applicable to the reference, page 225, but would fain ask a competent person."

p. 229—*text*: "The place he was in was a most delightful cavity or grotto of its kind as could be expected, though perfectly dark; the floor was dry and level and had a sort of a small loose gravel upon it."

C.'s Note. "How accurate an observer of nature De Foe was! The Reader will at once recognise Prof. Buckland's caves and the diluvial gravel."—S.T.C.

p. 278—*text*: "I entered into a long discourse with him about the devil, the original of him, his rebellion against God, his enmity to man, the reason of it, his setting himself up in the dark parts of the world to be worshipped instead of God, and as God, and the many stratagems he made use of to delude mankind to their ruin; how he had a secret access to our passions and to our affections and to adapt his snares to our inclinations, so as to cause us ever to be our own tempters, and run upon our destination by our own device."

C.'s Note. "I presume that Milton's "Par. Lost" must have been bound up with one of Crusoe's Bibles, or I should be puzzled to know where he found all this history of the Old Gentleman. Not a word of it in the Bible itself I am quite sure. But to be serious, De Foe does not reflect that all these difficulties are attached to a mere fiction or at best an allegory, supported by a few popular phrases and figures of speech used incidentally or dramatically by the Evangelists, and that the existence of a Personal intelligent evil Being the counterpart and antagonist of God is in direct contradiction to the most express declarations of Holy Writ! Is there evil in the city and I have not done it? saith the Lord. I do the evil and I do the good."

[Coleridge appears to be quoting from memory the passage in *Amos* (iii., 6) "*Shall there be evil in a city, and the Lord hath not done it?*"]

Vol. II., p. 2—*text*: "I have often heard persons of good judgment say that all the stir people make in the world about ghosts and apparitions, is owing to the strength of imagination, and the powerful operation of fancy in their minds; that there is no such thing as a spirit appearing or a ghost walking and the like."

C.'s Note. "I cannot conceive a better definition of Body than Spirit appearing, or of a *flesh and blood man* than a rational spirit apparent. But a spirit *per se* appearing is tantamount to a spirit appearing without its appearances. As for ghosts it is enough for a man of common sense to observe that as ghost and shadow are concluded in the same definition, viz., visibility without tangibility."

p. 8-9—*text*: "But in the middle of all this felicity one blow from unseen Providence unhinged me at once. . . . This blow was the loss of my wife. . . . When she was gone the world looked awkwardly around me."

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C.'s Note. "The Story of his affairs, the Centre of his interests, the Regulator of his schemes and movements, whom it soothed his pride to submit to and in complying with whose wishes the conscious sensation of his own *actions* will increase the impulse while it disguised the coercion of Duty! The clinging dependent yet the strong supporter, the comforter, the comfort, and the soul's living home! This is De Foe's comprehensive character of the wife as she should be, and to the honour of womanhood be it spoken there are few neighbourhoods in which one name at least might not be found for the portrait.—S.T.C."

"These exquisite paragraphs in addition to others scattered, tho' with a sparing hand, thro' the Novels, afford sufficient proof that De Foe was a first-rate master in periodic style, but with sound judgment and the fine tact of genius had avoided it as adverse to, nay, incompatible with, the every day matter-of-fact *Realness* which forms the charm and character of all his Romances. The *Rob. Crusoe* is like the vision of a happy night-mair (*sic*) such as a denizen of Elysium might be supposed to have from a little excess in his nectar and ambrosia supper. Our imagination is kept in full play excited to the highest yet all the while we are touching or touched by a common flesh and blood.—S.T.C."

p. 60—*text*: "It was not above a week, after they had their arms and went abroad, but the ungrateful creatures began to be insolent and troublesome as before."

C.'s Note. "How should it be otherwise. They were idle, and when *we* will not sow *corn*, the *Devil* will be sure to sow *weeds*—nightshade, henbane and Devil's-bit."

p. 74—*text*: The description of the depraved Will Atkins before the Spanish Governor.

in a Copy of Robinson Crusoe.

C.'s Note. "Observe when a man has once abandoned himself to wickedness he cannot stop and does not join the Devil's till he, has become a devil himself. Re-belling against his conscience he becomes a slave of his own furious will."

It will be seen from these notes that we have a real addition to our knowledge of Coleridge's opinions. It is delightful to see how the keen insight of the philosopher discovers the interesting points for discussion which the casual reader would overlook. At the same time that Coleridge draws attention to passages full of beauty and wisdom, he recognises the masterly manner in which important subjects are alluded to but not enlarged upon sufficiently to spoil the flow of the narrative.

Swift and De Foe, mentioned together by Coleridge, are two of the strongest writers in the English language, but how much more the latter is neglected than the former. De Foe has written too much for the general reader to be at all fully acquainted with his writings, and only a proportion of his works have been collected and reprinted. It is even to be feared that his masterpiece, *Robinson Crusoe*, is not read so much as it deserves. If these delightful notes of a warm admirer, who though eminently qualified to criticise has only praise to give, lead some to renew their acquaintance with *Robinson Crusoe*, their publication will not have been in vain.



The Songs Unsung.

BY DOLLIE RADFORD.

I.

Light as petals in their falling,
Through a twilight summer hour,
Is your coming, and your passing
As the perfume of a flower ;
And your voices by the wayside,
As a sigh the trees embower.

II.

From the forest and the meadow,
From the mountain and the sea,
From the stars beyond the star-world,
From the visions yet to be,
As a dying song you linger
On the air, and call to me.

III.

Stay, ah stay, and cross my threshold,
See the door is open wide,
And I listen for your coming,
Through all things that do betide ;
Through the weeping and the laughter,
That you may with me abide.

The Songs Unsung.

IV.

I will give you dainty raiment,
Jewelled o'er with fancies rare,
Through the shadow and the sunshine,
I will weave it for your wear,
Till all people see you clearly,
In the town's great thoroughfare.

V.

Ah ! You call me but to mock me,
Fairy folk who will not stay ;
As I hasten to your summons,
Like a mist you fade away,
Like a dream I dream awaking
On the border of the day.





A Road Name in South Hampstead.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN W. HALES.



LOSE by Primrose Hill—in fact, on what was once its north-east side, ere buildings had narrowed the space described by that title—now runs a street or road with a name that much perplexes and confuses the less educated and sometimes even the better educated Londoner. As Milton conjectures that Quintilian would have stared and gasped over such “rugged names” as Gordon, Colkitto, Macdonnel, Galasp, so in a certain degree we may see the Cockney of our day staring and gasping over the name Oppidans, or perhaps I should say might have seen him so confounded a few years ago; for nowadays it is growing “sleek” to everybody’s mouth. And it is, or was, very curious and instructive to watch our amazed fellow-citizen struggling with such a strange monster as this word is, or was, to him, and making wild efforts to assimilate it to something familiar, after the manner of what are called folk-etymologists. At first when you tell the ordinary tradesman or the ordinary “cabby” not familiar with the neighbourhood to send or drive to the said address, an expression of distrust or

A Road Name in South Hampstead.

haply of despair shows itself in his unresponsive eye. The tradesman probably has to write it down, and therefore he must needs spell it. And the way in which he proceeds to perform the feat is worth noticing : he gives a wild hopeless look round like one about to plunge into outer darkness. Possibly in his heart he evokes all the higher powers to succour him. But time presses, and so down goes an "h," and in due time one receives a parcel on which is inscribed "Hoppidance" or some such original combination of letters. Meanwhile our friend on the other side of the counter rejoices in having achieved what he believes is a phonetic triumph ; he has prevailed over an uncouth barbarous sound, and rendered it in respectable syllables. Of his result and other results I will say more presently. Before doing so, and showing how suggestive it and they are, it may be well to mention what is the origin of the name, as my experience is that even persons of some cultivation are sometimes ignorant of it.

I.

Most people who know anything of our great Public Schools will at once have a key to the word when they are told that Oppidans Road and many other Roads and Avenues and Terraces in the immediate vicinity are laid out on ground belonging to Eton College. The King Henry of "King Henry's Road," is King Henry the Sixth, who founded Eton. "Eton Avenue" speaks for itself, and so "Eton Road" and "King's College Road." "Winchester Road" reminds us how close was the alliance between Eton and the yet older school from which came its first headmaster and some of its first scholars. "Merton Road" also commemorates a like

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friendly relationship. All this property belonged originally to St. James's Hospital—a house for lepers that stood where St. James's Palace now stands, and was settled on Eton, along with many other acres immediately to the south of it, and others near Piccadilly, about the middle of the fifteenth century. Those southern endowments of the Hospital itself were secured by King Henry the Eighth in a compulsory exchange for estates elsewhere—estates not equally desirable in the eyes of the Eton Provost and his Fellows, or it would seem equally extensive—or by a compulsory sale, in which the purchase money was far from adequate: and they might well, no doubt *sotto voce*, lament how

Henricus Octavus

Took away much more than he gave us!

But the fields on the north side of Primrose Hill and the Hill itself—at least, its topmost part—altogether over a hundred acres, were left in the possession of the College, and are in its possession unto this day, except that the Hill was handed over to the Crown some forty years ago as an equivalent for a very useful plot of Crown land close by Eton itself.

Now the term Oppidans at Eton denotes the boys that are not Collegers, *i.e.*, are not on the foundation—are not technically “Scholars.”* Originally Eton, like Winchester, was designed only for the poor and needy, and to give a free education to boys answering to that description. Here is an extract from the earliest Statutes, as confirmed by the Parliament of 38, Hen. VI. 1459:—

“Item statuimus, ordinamus et volumus quod

* In Malim's *Consuetudinarium*, circa 1561, there seems a trace of a more particular use of the term. Two Collegers who were made responsible for the Commensales are styled Oppidani. But this use did not last.—See Maxwell Lyte's *History of Eton College*, 1889, p. 136.



PECKROSE HILL, AND CHALK FARM IN 1836.
From the original painting in the possession of Miss Gurney.

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omnes et singuli ad idem Collegium nostrum Regale in Scholares eligendi sint *pauperes, indigentes*, bonis moribus ac conditionibus perornati, ad studium habiles, et conversatione honesti, in lectura, plano cantu et Donato competenter instructi." *

That is : "Also we appoint, ordain and will that all and everyone elected into the body of Scholars at this same Royal College of ours are to be poor, indigent [what is the precise, the relative meaning of these terms has been much discussed], well adorned with good manners and dispositions, capable students [literally : able at study], and of upright conduct [literally : honest in their conversation], competently instructed in reading, plain-song and grammar."

And these words are pretty much identical with those in the Winchester Statutes.† Each of these two great schools was founded in the first instance for seventy scholars. But at both places it would seem other pupils were soon permitted to have a share in the privileges that to begin with were meant only for those on the foundation. Probably the educational advantages offered were such as to make parents who were well off anxious that their sons should enjoy them, and ready to pay for this enjoyment. Probably also the managers of these institutions saw that too severe an exclusiveness might in more ways than one prove detrimental to the success of the objects of their care, or to take a not merely negative view, that the presence of a certain element of "extranei" or outsiders might be really beneficial and helpful.

"Notwithstanding the general rule against harbouring strangers within the walls of the College," says Mr. Kirby in reference to Rubric

* See Heywood and Wright's *Kings' College, Cambridge and Eton College Ancient Laws*, 1850, p. 479.

† See Kirby's *Annals of Winchester College*, 1892, pp. 70, 71.

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XVI. in the Winchester Statutes, the Section ‘De Extraneis non introducendis ad onus Collegii,’ “a few sons of gentlemen of influence who are particular friends of the Society [nobilium et valentium et Collegio specialiter amicorum], may be received and educated there, so that they be no burden to the College. Their number is not to exceed ten at a time, probably because there was just one spare room in College—the chamber over the Fifth—which would hold that number conveniently.”

And almost identically runs the corresponding Eton Statute, but the number permissible is made twenty instead of ten. These “extraneous” ones are to have board and lodging (“communas” and “moram”), and to be educated “without burdening our Royal College,” *i.e.*, at the expense of their parents and friends, except that they may have instruction in grammar *gratis*.

Thus, both at Winchester and at Eton, we very soon hear of outsiders, few at first, but soon increasing in number. Hence arose the class of pupils known now at Winchester as “Commoners,” and at Eton as “Oppidans.”

At both Schools they were first entitled, formally, at all events—no doubt the “Scholares” of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would not be long in coining a name of their own for them—“Commensales,” *i.e.*, fellow-boarders, or mess-fellows.* Possibly at first some few might not only board but lodge in the College, or “in College,” as Wykehamists and Etonians say, omitting the article. But very presently accommodation had to be provided for them outside; and in course of time at Eton—at Winchester things went rather differently—numerous houses in the town were secured for this purpose, and the boys who were put up in them came to be known as Oppidans. But at Winchester the Latin name for these non-foundationers is still, as of old,

* See Maxwell Lyte's *History of Eton College*, 1889, pp. 150-3, etc.

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"Commensales." Thus in the year 1887, when William of Wykeham's noble foundation was celebrating its five-hundredth anniversary, and the authorities at Eton sent courteous congratulations to a school to which Eton at its inception was so greatly indebted, "Etonenses," after greeting the Warden, the Fellows, the Headmaster and the Usher, and the Assistants ("Magistris Informatori, Ostiario, Adjutoribus"), send their best wishes ("fraternis animis bona omnia ac fausta ominati salutem plurimam mittunt") "Scholaribus, Commensalibus," to Scholars and Commensales, or Commoners; and the Etonenses are defined as Provost, Fellows, Headmaster, Usher, Assistants, "Scholares Regii, Oppidani," *i.e.* King's Scholars and Oppidans. And the Wintonians in reply expressing their gratitude ("gratias fraterni animi habent aguntque maximas"), use just the same terms: "Commensales" for their own "extranei," and "Oppidani" for those of Eton.

At Winchester there was some complaint in 1412 of the great number of the "extranei" or outsiders. In that year Cardinal Beaufort, then Bishop of the diocese, issued an injunction forbidding the admission or retention of more than ten. Here is Mr. Kirby's translation of a document that must have caused some heart-burning:

"Henry, by Divine Permission Bishop of Winchester, to our beloved son John Morys, Warden of our College of Winchester, health, grace and benediction. Whereas as we conceive, the Statutes of our said College contain a direction that seventy scholars on the foundation thereof and ten extranei being sons of friends of the College (the latter at their own expense) shall be maintained within it for the purpose of being instructed in grammar by a master appointed from year to year for that purpose: yet nevertheless a single master (as we are informed) is continually instructing and educating in grammar eighty or a hundred extranei in our College, contrary to the pious intention of the Founder; and whereas one master is not sufficient to instruct so large a number of boys; We therefore command you, under peril of the canonical penalties

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of disobedience, that after the Feast of St. Michael next ensuing, ye neither admit or allow to be admitted any extranei beyond the number limited by the Statutes to study (ad audiendum) Grammar within the College.

Given at our Castle of Wolvesley, the tenth day of April in the year of our Lord 1412, and of our translation the eighth."

The extranei in this case seem to have been day-boys, and they, it appears, survived the Cardinal's fulmination, and continued to exist as a class till Dr. Burton (headmaster from 1724 to 1766) was able to dispense with them. But day-boys at Winchester had not by any means the name "Commensales" to themselves; and at Eton such a class seems never to have been very considerable.*

The Etonian term "Oppidans" does not occur, it is believed, before the sixteenth century. Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte, in his *History of Eton College*, states that the earliest instance of its use that he has noted is in the Audit Book for 1557—8, the previous style being, as we have said, Commensales. The developments of Winchester and Eton were different, probably on account of the difference of their sites and neighbourhoods. The school became the dominant feature of Eton; even the parish church was appropriated by the School; and whatever importance Eton has is wholly and entirely due to the School. Indeed, when Eton is mentioned who thinks of any village or town, or of anything but the School? The place became a scholastic settlement; it was absorbed into the School. "The town of Eton," says Murray's Handbook, 1872, "which is connected with Windsor by an iron bridge, contains nothing to detain the tourist, its two churches being modern." But

* Day boys (some sixty years ago) were rarities, black swans, writes my friend Mr. A. D. Coleridge, whose *Eton in the Forties* has given so much pleasure to his contemporaries and to many others. "Some few, the sons of Windsor well-to-do tradesmen, lived at home," and were known as "up-town boys."

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the old and famous city of Winchester could not play any such second part or suffer any such extinction, to say nothing of its lordly cathedral and all its associations. Thus at Eton the "oppidum" was presently occupied, so to speak, with lodging-houses—in some sort what we call boarding-houses—for the "extraneous" pupils; and these "strangers" naturally came to be called Oppidani, Anglicè Oppidans.*

As time rolled on, these Oppidans greatly outnumbered the Collegers, and became in fact the main body of the School, though its heart was the College itself. As at Winchester, there were two classes of them—a higher and a lower, the epithets "higher" and "lower" being used in no scholastic or social sense, but only with respect to the amounts of the payments made. In the earlier days the superior class shared the table of the Fellows, the other that of the Scholars. The former class would correspond to the Fellow-Commoners at Cambridge, the Gentleman Commoners at Oxford; the latter to the Pensioners at Cambridge and the Commoners at Oxford.† At Winchester we find in the Seneschal's books in the old days "Commensales cum Sociis," side by side with "Commensales cum scolaribus."

Till quite recent times—till the reforms carried out in Dr. Hawtrey's headmastership, with Dr. Hodgson as Provost, in the last century—the position of the Colleger was in many respects far from desirable; the arrangements made for his board and lodging were about as bad as they could be. As Dr. Hodgson's, the new Provost's, carriage, in 1840, passed through the Playing Fields, and

* The term Oppidan, however, was not unknown, though it never prevailed at Winchester. It occurs in certain injunctions of Bishop Horne, issued in 1571: "Every Oppidan or Commensal."—See Kirby's *Annals*, p. 124, note.

† A pensioner, in this usage, is not one who receives a pension but, "strictly speaking, is one who pays a 'pensio' or rent for his room, as distinguished from a scholar who has them rent free."—Kirby's *Annals of Winchester College*, p. iii., note.

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the College buildings came into sight, on his arrival at the Lodge, he exclaimed, "Please God I will do something for those poor boys."* And this good Provost and that excellent headmaster did much "for those poor boys." "The effect of the improvements in College," writes Mr. Wasy Sterry, in his very interesting and readable volume on his old school, "was seen at once in the enormously increased competition for scholarships, till at the present day there are often a hundred candidates for ten or a dozen vacancies, and Members of the House of Lords do not disdain to send their sons into College."

No doubt, in the dark days before their sorely needed reformation was effected, the Oppidans might be inclined to look down upon the Collegers, though, indeed, of the conditions of the Oppidans also we have some miserable accounts; and probably enough there was a distinct demarcation between the two sets. It brings the old time vividly before us to read in Mr. Sterry's book that their internal or "civil" fights took place on different sites—in different cockpits.

Fights between Collegers usually took place in Chamber at night after permission duly obtained from the Captain; but the Oppidans' fighting ground was the corner of Lower Club under the Stone in "good calx." The London Coaches, as they came down the road from Slough, used to stop to let the passengers watch if there was a fight going on. [Fancy a Great Western train pulling up to provide its travellers with the spectacle of two lads mauling each other! *Autres temps, autres mœurs*]. After four, or, preferably, after six, for that gave from 6.30 to lock-up, were the usual times. Among the famous fights of the day [*temp.* Headmaster Keate] were those between Lord Hillsborough afterwards Marquis of Downshire, and Edwin Rudd Rigby; J. C. G. Savile, subsequently Lord Mexborough, and Thos. Pellew Hoseason, afterwards an Indian cavalry officer; Thos. Sanders, a Colleger, and John Henry Pringle, after-

* See Sterry's *Annals of the King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Windsor*, 1898, p. 309.

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wards in the Scots Fusiliers; and the famous Lord Waterford and Barrow. Savile is said between the rounds to have scorned his friend's knee, and having rinsed his mouth with a few drops of water, to have strutted round the ring spouting Homer.

And Mr. Sterry goes on to tell a piteous story of a boy done to death in one of these then applauded encounters, and to quote Sir Francis Doyle's account of "the noble address full of unshrinking courage and steadfastness" delivered by Keate to the school shortly after the sad accident:

"It is not," he said, and said gallantly, "that I object to fighting in itself; on the contrary, *I like to see a boy who receives a blow return it at once*; but that you, the heads of the school, should allow a contest to go on for two hours and a half has shocked and grieved me."

A curious and suggestive utterance to be made by the Head of a great School, in the nineteenth century of the Christian era; I have italicised one clause of it, which surely needed some qualification. And observe Sir Francis's "gallantly"!

Even in the matter of ordinary dress there was granted to the Oppidans a freedom denied to the Collegers:

"Before 1815"—we again cite Mr. Sterry—"trousers had begun to come into use, especially the white ducks, jean and nankeen pantaloons that were then fashionable; but the wearing of these was forbidden to Collegers long after the Oppidans all wore them. The Collegers were all compelled to wear breeches tied with strings, and fastened with gilt buttons at the knee. This regulation was relaxed little by little; Collegers used to take to wearing trousers, and tucking them up at "absence" [roll-call] to look like shorts, and finally the law was tacitly abolished. Oppidans, however, were not altogether free from restrictions. They might wear Kerseynere shorts, but not the long Kerseymere gaiters which were their usual accompaniment. The breeches still survive as part of the full dress worn both by Collegers and Oppidans."

But the schism between the two orders must not be exaggerated. There were some things that tended to reduce it, and promote a proper unity.

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"It is noteworthy," writes Mr. Sterry, "that it was the theatrical mania which first began to bridge the gulf between Oppidan and Colleger. The Long Chamber performances excited emulation among the Oppidans, and about 1818 the forces united, and the great time of the Eton drama ensued. The Oppidans who started the theatre were George William Frederick Havard, afterwards seventh Earl of Carlisle, and Germain Lavie,* the scene of action was first of all one of Hester's boat-sheds. Afterwards a warehouse in Datchet Lane was obtained, and the joint forces were managed by Moultrie for the Collegers, and Robert Crawford for the Oppidans."

At the present time there are over a thousand boys at Eton, and of these more than nine tenths are Oppidans. And it need not be said that the distinguished names that occur in the Oppidans' lists—the names distinguished in all spheres of life, political, military, legal, ecclesiastical, literary—from the seventeenth century and yet earlier, down to the schooldays of Lord Rosebery—defy enumeration, at all events in the space now available. From that long and illustrious roll can be mentioned only the elder Pitt, Gray, Fielding, Horace Walpole (Sir Robert was a Colleger), Fox, Canning, Hallam, he who is best known as the Duke of Wellington, Gladstone, the present Marquis of Salisbury, and of some local interest to us of Hampstead, who, of course, care for our neighbours, Charles Pratt, afterwards Lord Chancellor Camden, from whom are derived the names of Camden Town, Pratt Street, Camden Road, Camden Street, Bayham Street (Lord Camden was created also Viscount Bayham); Pratt became a Colleger, but he was, to begin with, an Oppidan.

Thus the name of Oppidans is one of great distinction, and is most fitly bestowed on a thoroughfare on

* Mr. Mayle suggests that this was a son of the Mr. Germain Lavie, a well-known resident in Frognal, Hampstead, at the beginning of last century; a member of the Hampstead Dinner Club, 1802 (see the *Hampstead Annual* for 1898), and also of the Union Club founded in January, 1804, which held its meetings in the Long Room, Well Walk, on the last Wednesday in each month; one of the proprietors of the Hampstead Subscription Rooms in 1806; and one of the joint purchasers of the Belsize Estate in 1807.

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the Eton Estate in South Hampstead. It may be hoped that if the Eton Trustees have occasion to make another street in the vicinity, it may be called Collegers Road, so that both sides of our leading Public School may be duly commemorated.

II.

But clearly and fully explicable as the name Oppidans is, it proves, as said above, a great rock of offence to the ordinary Londoner ; and I now propose briefly to give some instances of how the poor innocent word is stumbled over and be-kicked, so to speak ; which is all the more worth doing, because these instances excellently illustrate what, after the Germans, we now call folk-etymology.

It is one of the results of English "orthography"—but surely the term orthography here is used in a satirical sense?—that no Briton who attempts the spelling of a word he does not know dreams of spelling it phonetically. We are so demoralised in this respect that we take it for granted that a word is sure not to be spelt as it is sounded. And so, though nothing could be simpler, or to an unsophisticated person, more obvious than the spelling of Oppidans, it is almost invariably mis-spelt, fiction often, in spite of the proverb, being wilder than truth, what is artificial having more charms or power than what is natural. Often, also, no doubt the sound is not rightly caught, so that there is but little hope of any accurate rendering. However to be explained by these and other considerations, the fact is that the name Oppidans appears in a large variety of forms—in almost every possible form but the proper one. A goddess mentioned in a certain Greek play—the

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"Prometheus Vincitus" of Æschylus—is described as "one form of many names"; Oppidans may be described as one name of many forms. An exhaustive list of these cannot be provided; but here is an incomplete one: Oppidance, Opadans, Oppident, Oppeduans, Oppindans, Upper Danes, Upper Downs, Upper Dans, Upper Dens, Upandown, Hoppadans, Hoppidance, Hopandance.

Some of these forms are mere wild clutches at the incomprehensible; but in others one sees working in a vigorous way the very spirit that has produced many new verbal shapes—the spirit of popular etymology, or to use the German term as being more definite, of folk-etymology.

Everybody dislikes a strange "lingo," and semi-educated persons, still more those who are without any education, resent it. What is unintelligible excites feelings of uneasiness and disgust. There are many well authenticated stories of the impatience and the contempt with which natives listen to the talk of foreigners. Of the German language a French wit once remarked quite in the popular style—quite in the style of a London omnibus-driver, but, of course, he was speaking humorously: "Ce n'est pas une langue; mais ceux qui parlent ce jargon, se comprennent entre eux." A well-known character in one of Dickens' novels, holds the view, and acts upon it, that Italian can only be a queer distortion of English, and so, if you pronounce English in a particular kind of way—rather as if you were talking to an infant—English will become understandable, even to transalpine ears. It is narrated somewhere that Dr. Johnson nearly drove a Billingsgate fish-wife mad by calling her, very unmeaningly, but most innocently, a "parallelopiped." The unfamiliar polysyllable made her flame with rage. She had not the

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slightest idea what it signified, and therefore boldly concluded—there is nothing so bold as ignorance—that it was an epithet of the most utterly offensive description. And many similar outbreaks against the unknown and therefore the distrusted and suspected might easily be cited.

Thus it is that, when brought face to face with a wholly strange word, the son of the people at once endeavours to make sense of it as he thinks—at once tries to assimilate it to other words that are familiar, and so show its kinsmanship with his everyday vocabulary. Unconsciously he turns etymologist, though he would probably be much irritated and become furious if you told him so. But, indeed, as Mons. Jourdain talked prose without being aware of what he was doing, even so does the illiterate man etymologise. And the results of this natural tendency are to be detected in many forms that have in time been generally accepted, and, further, have, as the years rolled on, given birth to reports and legends that are absolutely unhistorical. Certainly such popular corruptions have been one of the sources of mythology—by no means the only one, as some scholars in the last century seemed inclined to maintain, but a single one of the many sources of myths that have obtained a wide circulation. Perhaps the excesses in this direction of certain myth-mongers have in our own time caused a too violent reaction against it, and deprived it of the share of attention that it really deserves.

But for any treatment of the general question, “nor time, nor place ” do now “adhere.” What I wish to point out is how active and ready this popular etymologizing spirit still is as exemplified in its dealings with the name Oppidans. Among the forms recorded above

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observe especially "Upper Danes," "Upandown," and "Hopandance." Here are suggested, or more than suggested, three distinct derivations of a mysterious word, and were we not living in an age in which the aberrations of untutored fancy as expressed in spelling, are perpetually controlled and contradicted by the printing press one or other of these forms would, to judge from analogy, almost certainly prevail; and corresponding stories would be developed, and presently there would flourish what would be believed to be traditions far too old and weighty to be rejected; we should be assured on the evidence of one of those popular tamperings with an obscure vocable, that there was once a great Danish encampment on Primrose Hill, or on that of another that the neighbourhood was renowned for its saltatory habits—that in accordance with Sir Toby's advice to Sir Andrew, the inhabitants of these parts went "to church in a galliard" and came "home in a coranto," and their very walk was a "jig."

Further, the observation of these perversions reminds us that possibly some forms now current whose origin greatly perplexes us, may be due to just such a treatment of primitive names in times remote. Assuredly in the olden days, when the checks on change now imposed by printing were so much slighter, popular variations of words must have been much more prevalent than now. It is one of the first laws of the scientific etymology that has in our generation made such wonderful discoveries that before attempting to discuss the origin of a name the oldest extant form of it must be disinterred; and very often this oldest form at once gives the information that is sought, for it is free from disguise. But often enough even the oldest form obtainable is justly suspected of having suffered deterioration, that is, of

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having been corrupted by some influence or another so as to assume a very different look from that it wore to begin with. Sometimes analogy may be of service in plausibly indicating or suggesting the particular kind of derangement or alteration undergone ; but at this point—that is, when we try to go behind the earliest recorded spelling—we pass out of the land of certainty into that of conjecture. All that can be confidently said is that almost certainly folk-etymology has been playing its usual games and transforming what seems barbarous and uncouth into what is more or less intelligible and domestic. It is very possible that a name that occurs in two places near Hampstead—the name Traitors' Hill occurring as an alternative name for Parliament Hill, and again some little distance to the east of Parliament Hill, in the grounds of the Baroness Burdett Coutts—may be a specimen of such transformation. At all events, it is at present unexplained, and with the evidence at our command inexplicable. Conceivably, if we could ascertain—of which there is no hope—the pre-Keltic name, or the Trinobantine or Keltic name, or the East-Saxon name of these eminences, we should recognise at once how the medieval or the modern folk-etymologist has made some very different syllables take the aspect of some with which he was acquainted. He would only have done what his now living successor essayed when for “Oppidans” he so acutely and courageously wrote Upper Danes or Hopandance.



A Few Extracts from the Diary of a
Heath Keeper, 1834-39.

EDITED BY E. E. NEWTON.



AN interesting old volume, giving an account of the Heath and the "Wastes" of the Manor in the early part of the last century, came into my possession some time ago by the courtesy and kindness of Mrs. Jealous of Pond Street. It formerly belonged to her husband, the late Mr. George Samuel Jealous, the proprietor and editor for very many years of the *Hampstead and Highgate Express*. It was given to Mr. Jealous by Mr. J. C. Flint in 1890, and Mr. Flint became possessed of it when he resided in Hampstead, in 1870. It is a book of some two hundred and sixty-four pages of octavo size, whole-bound in vellum, with a brass clasp in the centre of the fore edge, and is in manuscript throughout of a very original character, the orthography especially being very elementary. Needless to add, it is a thoroughly genuine record of the current events of the period. Inscribed on the front page is "Jno. Stevenson's Book. Common Keeper, &cr. Manour of St. John's, Hamp-

Diary of a Heath Keeper.

stead, July 27th, 1834"; and it is really a diary of events, written by this Common Keeper, as a report of his work, to be shown daily to his superior, Mr. William Lyddon, the Agent or Steward of the Manor at that time.

The book is full of interest, but it would take up far more space than I have at my disposal to give even a tithe of its contents.

I propose, therefore, to give a few extracts *verbatim et literatim*, with only just a running comment here and there.

The chief entries relate to the stealing of turf, furze, sand and gravel, and the different methods old Stevenson pursued in order to bring the offenders to justice or prevent their depredations.

There are also frequent notes in connection with pigs running all over the town, thus corroborating what old inhabitants have often stated.

Although the title is dated July 27, the first entry in the book is June 27.

Under date *July 2*, 1834, Stevenson says :—

The Iron Cap stoale from the Pump at the tank, pump out of Repare. Magistrates and Gentlemen forbid Donkys and Poneys being let on the heath before one O'clock on Sunday.

July 6.—No fire on the heath for tea parteys.

July 16.—The Parish and Water Company join making swere (sewer) to tak Nuisance from Squrs Moun (Squires' Mount), the well house boiler brought for Erection.

The well house or engine house is the round building on the lower Heath, near the railway station.

The Road trust having the Quick (short hedge) taken up planted for Mr. Powill (Powell) to widen the sloop (slope) at Shoot up Hill.

July 26.—Cab horse started from Dr. Hevins's (Evans) the rails gon(e) at Pond hors kild.

Aug. 24.—Great thunder tempest, the road from North End to

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Spandards mutch wash, very dangerous. Gentleman sent to Surveyors ansd. no business to reper, wishing me to call on Mr. Mose for him to send Parrish men to reper it, answered he would not.

Sept. 1.—Dr. White sent for me to Pound six hogs. Damige with cost five shillings. At Night wall Broken and three hogs stolen from pound . . . if you don't punish such villions as these my labour will be in vain.

Dr. White was the Vicar of the old church.

Sept. 4.—In the Vaile Health Mr. James broken the parish house open and turned out on the Heath Mrs. Smith. Destroyed all hur fences, cuberd, and shelves, there they are left in a large heap. Mrs. Smith said Cost her more than four Pound, my Prayer is to God to reward her as man is so unjust to her, she is poor but honest.

This proves the statement that there were at one time almshouses or an almshouse in the Vale.

Sept. 11.—This day Mrs. Smith's Wood all Clerd away from the heath by Mr. Lyddon's order by Saml. Chandlor and my selfe. Mrs. Smith wish me to go and see Munyerd, Incrotchment on the Lord's Property witch is from 4 inches to nine East front of three houses in the Vaile, hoping Sir it will not be Looked over for he is not worthy of the name of a Gentleman.

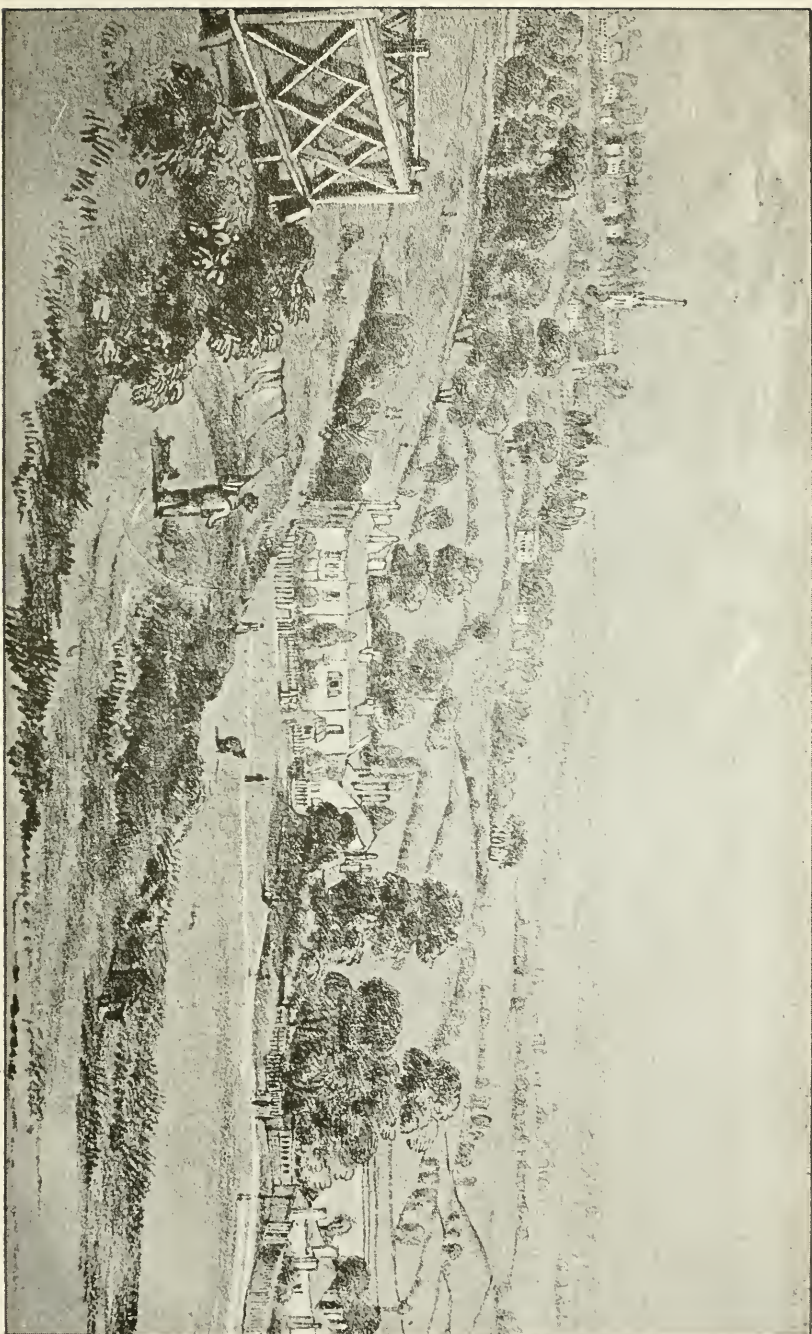
There are several entries this month of fires on the heath lit by "London tea partys" which were put out by Stevenson, not being allowed by the Lord of the Manor.

Sept. 18.—Mr. Cunnington's (a butcher) men forming (repairing?) the Clock House pond, Drawing mud to his own farm, which I think is the lord's property.

Rickford Lodge, Frogнал, stands on the site of this pond. The Clock House is that fine old mansion in the Grove, now known as Fenton House.

Oct. 3.—Goin round Vaile of Health Mr. Munyard Begon building gave and taken from heath to form ring of buildings from Mr. Wood's stable at the botam of Mr. Munard's (Munyard's) gardens, you told me sir he ad aplyed to you, you wish him not till you had seen it.

It was on this spot, in one of Wood's Cottages, that Leigh Hunt lived, where he was visited by Keats,



THE VALE OF HEALTH, HAMSTEAD, 1839.

From the original pencil drawing by Henry A. Gillman, in the possession of A. R. Gillman.

Diary of a Heath Keeper.

Shelley and others. Owing to this report there was evidently an altercation when Munyard and Stevenson next met, the whole conversation being duly set down in this diary. Mr. Munyard was also charged by Stevenson of encroaching on the "Lord's land at West End"; probably Fortune Green was meant.

Oct. 29.—Mrs. Herbert's sweep boys cutting furze for bonfires, went to see Mrs. Herbert, going round North End, met boys with furze, boys ran away but two Young Gents of the swell mob stopt and struck at me with a fork. I rescued the fork and have got it at my house they run away, I after them but they out run me, fork marked L.R.

Nov. 5.—Ordered to look sharply after the boys Bonfires that no damage done to heath.

Nov. 17.—Mr. Kilbey paid £2. 8s. 6d. for repairing the Pump Childs Hill Corner taking charge of the well and to collect the money of diferant water-men.

Jan. 8, 1835.—Sir this day 12 o'clock a hare shot by James Halsey and Mr. Philips Docter to Malitia Mr. Evens told them if on his premises he would severely Punish them.

This "Mr. Evens" was probably the Mr. Commissioner Joshua Evans who lived at Golders Hill.

Frequent mention of digging gravel from the Terrace and White Stone Green occurs about this date. The latter place would be about where Tudor Lodge now stands; the large tree in these grounds was, I believe, in the centre of the green.

Feb. 7.—Damige done by hogs great, this Morning three howers filling in oales (holes) routed by them.

March 19.—Twenty two trees Planted on the green Pond Street by Mr. Sinton furs (furze) round, the Gentleman (who) Implyd him asked your leave, I gave to Sinton, they look hansom, Rubish not mov'd that looks Bad.

June 8.—I stopt the fair at Pond Street, would not alow the Swings nor Stawles to stand on the Lord's ground. Mr. Manchard alowyed One stall on his own Ground three days; no damige dun.

July 22.—A large Triumphal Arch Erected on Hampstead Heath and brilintly Illuminated to the honour of King William the fourth.

Diary of a Heath Keeper.

Gentleman of Committee wish me to take Care of horses, if with leave (of) Mr. Lyddon. Cards printed, hoping it will meet the Lord's approbation will much oblige your humble servant

Jno. Stevenson.

July 28.—I ad a bad day, the Looser, and Wm. Nevell owes me two shilling, will not pay, with Mr. Lyddon's leave I will summons him and make him pay. The Triumphant Arch left for inspection. It was reported a ball to tak place under the Arch on Tuesday night, it brought Company to Hampstead, but no Dancing, therefore if it ad not bene well watched would a been Burnt Down, it was threatened. One man lost (his) life at Averstock Hill by Coach goin over him.

July 31.—Taken the triumphal Arch Down.

This referred to the arch erected near the White Stone Pond in honour of the visit of King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide to a strawberry feast at the Earl of Mansfield's at Caen Wood. A fine coloured print of the erection is extant, as well as a printed hand-bill describing it and the ceremony in connection with the welcome to their majesties. A copy of the coloured print is to be seen in the vestibule of the Central Public Library in the Finchley Road.

Aug. 5.—Mr. Jackson's Complements to Mr. Lyddon hoping will do something Not to suffer the horses and Donkeys to stand so ner his Premises as they Quite take the wole (whole) of the seat under the larg healme (elm) tree. Languige bad, Nusance great. . . . Mr. Lyddon's Comps. to Mr. Jackson, if pleased will wright to the Lord the statement of Complent.

Aug. 21.—Ladys canot pass the Reservoy for Men Baything, wishing to ask if to be bestopped.

It appears Stevenson was charged by some of the people he reported with being drunk, and he makes this entry :—

It is falce for I have not tasted Gin since the fift of January Last nor spent sixpence in Public Houses this yeare 1835, what I have I have at home.

Aug. 26.—I Drove 59 Cows of the Heath Belonging to Mr. Veale.

Aug. 28.—60 Cows.

Diary of a Heath Keeper.

Aug. 29.—67 Cows. Mr. Veale occupies all fortin (Fortune) Green, no wright to Hampstead Heath.

Aug. 31.—The Water Company Digging Ditch to stop Carts from taking water from the Ponds.

Sept. 12.—I Clerd 12 Gipsies away from the Blind Lane fortin Green and a man with 10 Donkeys one horse and cart laden with Oaker (Ochre).

Sept. 18.—Mr. Kent goin to Build two Houses at fortin Green, I am told Mr. Veale is going to Leave West End at Michelmas, he mowed all the Farm this year, no hay on the premises. I mention this unaccount of Tithe.

Oct. 2.—Mr. Veale is gon to Live at the great Cow yard near the Ayre Arms Sant John's Wood, formerley Justice Purkins' once.

Dec. 2.—Twenty two Elm trees Planted and well Boxt round by Mr. Davis, gent, Resedant at the Clock House, by the garden wall opersite Mr. Comering's, the Lord's property, am I to tak under my charge.

Dec. 9.—Saw Sir Thomas (Wilson's) surveyor stak out the green Hampstead Square for a grant.

Dec. 10.—Rev. Dr. White Inclosing a small bit of wast ground over Branch Hill Pump.

May 2, 1836.—A Horse smotherd in the Bog fortin Green, belongs to a person near the Crown, Slade, Hendon parish.

The Slade was a small hamlet near the Crown, Cricklewood.

May 21.—Not less than 100 Donkys on the Heath Dailey, som from Highgate, som from Camden Town and if not Pounded imposoble to keep off the green. . . . Mr. Lyddon said he would ask Sir Thomas before anything was dun, they ought to be pounded, but I will see the Lord and wright to you befour you pound them.

June 22.—This day I was abused by a man with 400 Sheep on the Heath, said ad wright to Rest them, was goin to Lord Mansfield's.

June 24.—Goin Round Kilborn and fortin Green, I clerd away the man with read Oaker and 7 Donkeys.

July 9.—Mr. Bosanquit Magistr. ordered to Pound the Rich as well as the Poor Man's hog.

July 20.—Great Complants Made about Smith's Sheep and diferant Peopall's Geese. Mr. Hemerton promised he will shoot them, doo sir, but you must not pick them up, ansd., he knows it.

Oct. 6.—Thos. Preston beat is Wife, she went and drowneded her self in the Vaile Pond.

There are various requests from persons for per-

Diary of a Heath Keeper.

mission to put posts on the Heath for the purpose of hanging lines of washing thereon. In nearly every case permission was granted, but on Nov. 4 Stevenson reports that :

Mrs. Heavens (Evans) sent for me with Mrs. Heavens Compliments hoping Mr. Lyddon will not allow any trees to be planted on the Hill wher the people dry ther Close as it will hinder ther having the morning her (air).

Feb. 4, 1837.—A man found drowned in the Resevoy on the Heath and Mr. Mans tried to do the same rash act, but thank God life saved, restord.

July 30.—The Contracter Begon building the first Poling Booth on Hampstead Heath without Leafe.

Aug. 3.—The Election Began for Middlesex.

Aug. 4.—Taking the Booth Down by the Sheriff's orders, saying ther was a Poling Booth ther 160 yeares agoe.

Hampstead has always been celebrated for the number of donkeys there used to be on hire on the Heath, especially during the middle of the last century, and one can never take up a print, drawing or picture of the Heath of that period without noticing that these animals are always well represented. This diary, however, records that they were a source of great annoyance to old Stevenson, and he is always threatening to impound them. At last he has instructions to take the names of all the donkey owners, and the number they have on hire. This is the list in August, 1837 :—

| | | | |
|----------------|-----------|------------------|------------|
| James Halsey | 8 Donkeys | Wm. Merriott | 11 Donkeys |
| Thos. Preston | 15 „ | Richard Weetley | 9 „ |
| Wm. Castledine | 7 „ | Charles Collings | 12 „ |
| Wm. Mills | 9 „ | Simon Merriott | 7 „ |
| Wm. Morgan | 5 „ | A Countreyman | 7 „ |

He also says that “ John and Charles and Thomas Brown and Robert Slack all have Donkys to Lett for Hire,” and that “ ther is a Totell of 100 for Hier Daly.”

There were also other animals to be seen in Hampstead, for on August 16 of the same year he writes :—

Diary of a Heath Keeper.

Mr. Hore, Majestrite, gave Leave to Mr. Wright to sho his Colecion of Wild Beasts from the Tower on White Beare Green. Mr. C. Stevenson moved them away.

White Bear Green was that triangular space bounded by Grove Place, Christchurch Road and Well Road, and nearly opposite the White Bear Inn, New End, from which it took its name. The Bickersteth Memorial Hall and a private house called Well Mount now occupy the site. The White Bear Inn is one of the oldest in the Borough, and has a stone let in the front bearing the initials "M. S.," with the date 1704. At the time this diary was written it was kept by a Monsieur and Madame Lorent and was highly esteemed as a rendezvous for foreigners, as the late Dr. C. F. J. Lord informs us. Hackney coaches conveyed many visitors to its celebrated "ordinary," provided in a spacious upstairs room. These hospitable hosts must have been long since dead, but it was only the other day I observed in the old coach-maker's shop near by, a sign-board bearing the name Lorent, which was being used, I believe, as a wide shelf.

I have already referred to the clothes posts on the Heath; here is a list of the "Names of people's Close on the Heath and number of Postes," written on Dec. 23, 1839:—

| | | | |
|---------------|---------|------------------|----------|
| Martin Cook | 6 Posts | Mrs. J. Marshall | 11 Posts |
| William Tooth | 4 „ | Mrs. Heywood | 6 „ |
| Mr. Sparrow | 12 „ | Old J. Green | 3 „ |
| Mr. Baker | 12 „ | Mrs. Humfery | 6 „ |
| Mrs. Murcer | 12 „ | Mrs. Baldock | 11 „ |

All in the Vale of Health.

At North End, close posts standing:—

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------|---------------------------------|----------|
| Old Mrs. Chapman | 10 Posts | Mr. Scafftt | 10 Posts |
| Mr. Wm. Anderson | 10 „ | Old Mrs. Collings | 2 „ |
| Mr. Thos. Peacock | 10 „ | Richard Skipper | 6 „ |
| Mr. H. Harrison | 10 „ | Mrs. Rogers ask leave to put | 6 „ |

Diary of a Heath Keeper.

Mr. Evans says if not taken up and replaced by Sir Thomaess orders twenty years will Claim the Ground.

West End, at forting Greene.

| | | |
|-----------|-------------------------------|----------|
| Dec. 24.— | Widow Field, late Thos. Field | 10 posts |
| | Mrs. Holman | 13 „ |
| | Mr. William Felton | 10 „ |
| | | <hr/> |
| | | 33 |
| | | <hr/> |

Sir Thomas if please your Lordship alow Joseph Whorboys and Blake, John Peacock and Tooth and Philip Platt to put six pots in socks to put line posts in, the posts will onley be on the Heath wile close am Drying, will pay all demands and will mutch oblige them, &c., &c., &c.

In reference to Mr. Commissioner Evans' statement Stevenson writes :—

All promis to take up acording to Sir Thomas orders, som standing 20 years and som 16 and 14 and less.

Mrs. Johnson asks Sir Thos. Leave to put 12 Close posts in the Vale ware her Mother's formley stood, the oldest Landress at Hampstead.

The early part of the winter of 1834-5 must have been very mild, for at the end of the book, written as a sort of private memorandum and not connected with his official duties, is the following :—

Nov. 24, 1834.—Mr. Satterthwaite gatherd fine Applse this day as Ever growed on the Tree in Mr. Satterthwaites garden.

Mr. Johnson New End Squar the second Crop of Grapes very good, but not so Large as the First, gathered this twenty fifth Day November 1834. The second crop from the tree this year, 1834.—Jno. Stevenson.

Hampstead, Middx.—The Leburnham tree now in full leafe after being floured twice this year. Appele tree the same, in joining Gardon full notted for Blome.

This day Decr. 1 is Chury tree (Cherry) I never saw one more Promising for fruit in spring in my Life. Quite out of season with man but not with God, is will be Don, if sperd shall say something (another) time.

Jan. 4. 1835.—Sharp frost, Cut all of (off) tree Bear (bare).

There are many other quaint entries in this old diary, but those which I have given will suffice to show something of the daily life and doings of a Heath Keeper at Hampstead in the past.



Wood-Song.

By EDWARD ROSE.

Sweet are the sleeping forest-flowers,
Stately the arching trees ;
Sweet to lie here through dreamy hours
Lulled by the western breeze.
Fountains are plashing lowly here,
Wood-doves are chanting slowly near—
Linger awhile, awhile,
Wait till the sweet stars smile,
Rest, O rest.

O do not seek the toilsome ways,
Whither they lead none know :
No man can thread the mystic maze,
Nought shalt thou win but woe.
Rather by sunlit rivers lie
Hearing the wild bird's melody.
Linger awhile, awhile !
Rest till the bright stars smile—
Rest, O rest.



Dorothy's Grey Man.

BY ANNIE GROSER HURD.



ROTHY was four and promoted to a tooth-brush. That was the great event of the day ; that and the making of a new friend.

Dorothy had a genius for making friends. There was the policeman at the end of the Avenue who had come to her aid in a way in which policemen are not generally called upon to help. She had been anxious to sing her doll, Selina, to sleep with a particular hymn which she herself found helpful under similar circumstances, but could not hit on the right tune.

"I cannot think of the tune of 'Royal David's City,' Selina," she had exclaimed aloud in despair. And, thereupon, the policeman obligingly stopped in his walk and sang the first line, and made herself and Selina happy again. And, henceforward, Dorothy had a friend at hand whenever that policeman was on his beat.

Then there was a lame boy with two paralysed legs who dragged himself wearily out on crutches, and to whom Dorothy explained the difference between body

Dorothy's Grey Man.

and soul so clearly that they were firm friends at once. Stopping and looking at him with those peculiarly large and unconscious brown eyes, Dorothy opened the acquaintance by the remark :

“ I should think you'd be glad to die.”

“ No, I shouldn't. Why should I ? ”

“ Why, because, when you die, your legs and arms stay down here, and your middle goes up to Heaven. I know, because my mother tolded me it's the part you thinks with goes to Heaven, and the part you feels with and walks with stays down here ; and your legs aren't nice legs, are they ? ”

The facts that led to the making of her friendship with the grey man are very simple.

It all came out of Cecil Farquhar being so haughty, and manlike, refusing to express his affection as often, and in the particular manner the lady might desire. Cecil was a year older than Dorothy, and, despite all seeming, her devoted slave. On that spring afternoon, that wide, open moorland, where tadpoles blackened the pools, and golden gorse made the air heavy with its subtle peach-like smell, where the lark rose up from its nest hidden away in the young green of the springing bracken, and trilled its loudest in the blue above, was a veritable Eden of beauty and peace, fit spot for a dainty queen to hold birthday revels. But, alas ! Discord had entered, and Dorothy, her royal wrath aroused, wandered off alone, as an expression of disapproval.

But solitary indignation palls ; and pride, as many a woman knows to her cost, is not worth preserving when you are tired and lonely. So it was a woe-begone little figure that sauntered through the gorse bushes and over the short thyme-sprinkled grass, looking for a place on which to rest, and finding none.

Dorothy's Grey Man.

But there, with its head on its arms and lying full length on the grass, was a long grey figure! As Dorothy knew, by much experience with father and uncles and many friends, such long grey figures were intended for seats when occasion demanded. And so, occasion demanding, she sat down.

But, surprising—most surprising—the face at one end of the long grey figure was unfamiliar. It was startling. It was unpleasant, even to a person of Dorothy's experience and placidity.

The big brown eyes filled with tears, the white sun-bonnet fell back, and a small sobbing voice said with many gasps:

"Why, I'm sitting on your chest, and— and— I don't know you."

It was the climax, the nemesis that waited on and broke down the indignant pride which had sent her off, so that Cecil might be lonely without her.

And the long grey stranger added insult to injury by laughing—laughing so long and steadily that his whole long grey body shook like waves of the sea, and Dorothy's position became almost untenable.

"I do wish you weren't so shaky, its— its— its— rude."

The grey figure was instantly almost motionless.

"Your ladyship's wishes are my commands, madam; but might I ask whom I have the honour of entertaining—in this somewhat unconventional manner?"

Dorothy shook her head. She liked long words but only those she made up herself, pregnant with meaning to her own understanding, and generally composed of several others.

"I mean, who are you and where did you come from."

Dorothy's Grey Man.

"I came from nurse and Cecil, and he was cross and wouldn't kiss me when I tolded him, and so I ran away and was tired. But p'raps I'd better get up, bettened I? I never do sit on people's I don't know, generally."

"Oh, don't trouble, couldn't we pretend we know each other?"

It was a brilliant suggestion. Dorothy was capable of pretending anything to any extent and loved the illusion.

"And we'll pretend I knewed you when you were a little boy, and we played dolls together, only (sadly) boys don't like dolls."

"I'm afraid that will hardly do. You weren't born when I was a little boy."

But Dorothy was a little Briton and never admitted defeat.

"It doesn't matter if I were borned or not, I looked down out of heaven and knewed you."

This in a tone of triumph. The grey man bowed his head as well as his position would allow, in token of surrender and changed the subject.

"And who is Cecil and hadn't you better go back to him and your nurse?"

"Cecil is my friend, but he wouldn't kiss me when I tolded him, so I camed away and he'll be sorry. Wouldn't you be sorry if your little girl runned away from you cos you wouldn't kiss her?"

The grey man's face clouded over and a sigh escaped him. "Ah! little woman, it is my little girl who won't kiss me and runs away when I come near. That's partly why I came out here, because I was so sad about it."

"Poor man, you'd bettened tell her to come back.

Dorothy's Grey Man.

She will, like I'm going back to Cecil. And here's nurse finding me, and goodbye and thank you for letting me sit on your chest. I know you now, so I shan't mind another time."

Dorothy trotted off on her fat brown dimpled legs, trailing her bonnet behind her, and having, as was her way, annexed another friend and made her little world the fuller.

To this day Dorothy has never been able to understand why, ever since that garden party to which she went with Grannie, her grey man and his blue girl each take her aside privately and present her with dolls and chocolate (which are very jolly) and kisses and hugs which are not so jolly. She, however, takes the gifts the gods send her placidly, and merely opens her big brown eyes and explains in an aside to her Grannie and Mother afterwards, "I think it cheers them up to kiss me, they always seem so gay now."

The garden party fell on the day after Dorothy's birthday, and Grannie, who had a way of finding some unimpeachable reason for taking Dorothy with her whenever any pleasure could be wrung out for the child, argued that a child could not possibly be left at home when a drive and a run in a pretty garden could do her so much good, and especially on the day after her birthday. Obviously the argument was irrefutable, and Dorothy drove off in state.

She had barely been lifted down from her seat and was standing outside the old grey stone house, silently taking in the details of what was around her—nothing escaped Dorothy's eyes—when she gave a scream of excited delight.

"Grannie, there's my grey man that I sitted on his chest yesterday," and the tall figure, still grey by reason

Dorothy's Grey Man.

of tennis flannels, bore down on her. The recognition was mutual, and introductions and explanations over, Dorothy went off with her cavalier to look for strawberries in the gardens below, which was obviously a far more sensible way of passing the time than talking to people who would ask you your name and tell you you were a sweet little pet and finish up, as bitter experience had taught Dorothy strangers invariably did, by saying insinuatingly and in a tone Dorothy even recognised as artificial, "I'm sure you have a kiss for me." When Dorothy was equally sure she had not.

Their path to the strawberry beds lay through a sort of amateur plantation, and it was destined to-day to prove a long way—a very long way, as judged by the time occupied in reaching them. For there, standing alone under the pine trees, which grew together on a knoll which commanded a view of the moorland and rocky hills beyond, stood the figure of a girl in blue.

Verily the inspiration of the child is more reasonable than the reasoning of the man.

Was it that the grey man's expression changed as he caught sight of the woman he loved, but who had consistently kept him in the cold distance of perfect politeness these many months, until he had almost given up hope of getting any nearer? Or did Cupid whisper his promptings into the child's ear?

It was impossible to avoid passing close to the girl in blue and equally impossible to pass without a remark, and as they came close she turned towards them and bowed. "Why grey man, why is you so sad? I know. Is this your little girl who won't kiss you, and runs away from you and makes you sorry?"

The silence was thick and full of heart throbs. But Dorothy was impatient, with the impatience which is said to be sometimes divine.

Dorothy's Grey Man.

"Is this your little girl or not, grey man?"

Obviously some sort of answer was necessary.

"Well Dorothy, I'm afraid I don't know. She won't tell me whether she is, or not."

"I think she is as pretty as—" but similes are not always to hand and Dorothy waited for inspiration, "as pretty as a blue-bell in the moss."

The figure in blue could not resist so delicate and heartfelt an appreciation, and smiled. Dorothy thought it a sad sort of smile.

"Thank you, little Dorothy, I suppose you are the Dorothy I've heard of, that was sweetly put."

"Yes, I'm Dorothy Conyers Aperly, only everybody calls me something else. This is my friend the grey man, and I sitted on his chest when I didn't know him, and I didn't like it and cried. And he said he was sad, too, because his little girl would run away from him and look proud at him. Are you his little girl, though, I think, you're rather grown up; and why do you look proud at him and run away and make him sad?"

"I don't know, Dorothy, I'm sure"; and his "little girl's" eyes filled with tears.

"Why, she's crying, Grey Man! Why don't you kiss her? It comforts me when Grannie or Mummie kiss me?"

"By Jove! Dorothy, I believe I'll try to comfort her that way. May I, little girl?"

What his little girl said, Dorothy never knew, for her head was buried in the grey man's shoulder. And Dorothy couldn't hear. But she seemed comforted and they both looked so happy, and sat down under the tree and held hands and forgot all about Dorothy.

Until in a few minutes the grey man started. "Why, that little angel's crying!"

Dorothy's Grey Man.

And Dorothy was found sitting at the other side of the tree alone, with big tears rolling down her cheeks, and a little, quivering mouth.

"I'm so lonely, I want Mummie and Grannie. Nobody's kissing me, you're kissing your little girl all the time."

And then the incomprehensible began to happen, and has gone on happening ever since. The grey man caught her up in one arm and caught his little girl in blue round the waist with the other, and they reached the strawberry bed at last, and picked Dorothy all the finest ripest strawberries left so that it seemed a mercy neither Grannie nor Mother were there to see. Indoors they found all the biscuits with pink sugar on top there were to be had. And next day the dollies began to arrive, and, after that, chocolate. It is all very strange and wonderful. And Dorothy ponders on the subject and hopes it will continue. Funny for the grey man and his blue girl to do things like that, all because she sat on the grey man's chest when she didn't know him!





Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

By SIDNEY COLVIN.

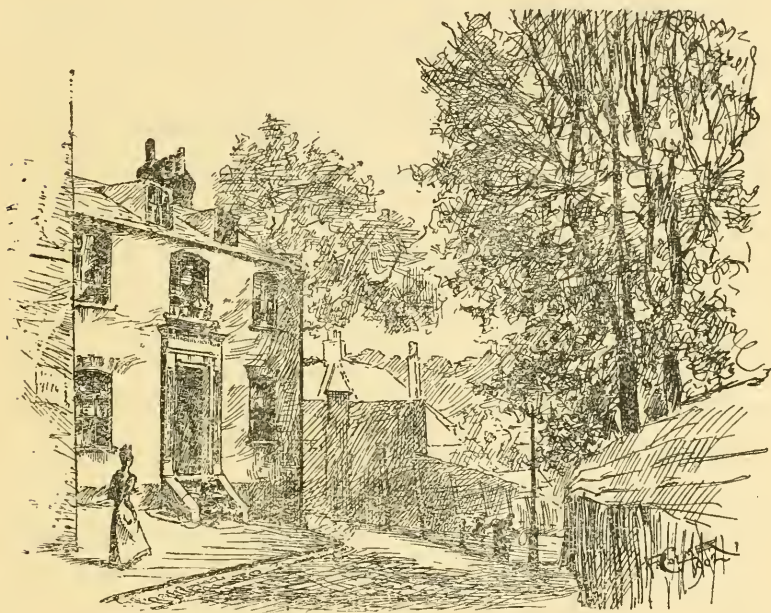
IN June, 1874, Louis Stevenson and I occupied jointly for a while a set of lodgings in Abernethy House, Hampstead, at the corner of Mount Vernon and Holly Place.

The Mount Vernon Hospital for consumptives was not yet built, and much else in the near neighbourhood has undergone transformation since those days. But this house remains the same: even the same landlord and his wife occupy it still, and are good enough, it appears, to remember their summer tenants of twenty-eight years ago. The house is figured in the accompanying cuts; ours were corner rooms on the first floor, one window of the sitting-room looking on Mount Vernon, the other down into Holly Place; this last is given a cut to itself, because the little tale I have to tell particularly refers to it.

Stevenson was then in his twenty-fourth year, in the full glow—a glow that mounted sometimes near fever heat—of his brilliant and unquiet youth. It was scarce a year since he had made in Suffolk the new friends whose good fortune it was to recognise his gifts and

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

promise, and to clear the first steps of his path in literature. Since then he had passed through a period of severe nervous prostration, the record of which is contained in his essay "Ordered South." Returning from a winter on the Riviera with his health restored to as tolerable a state as it ever reached, he had spent the late spring with his parents at Edinburgh, and then flitted south on a fortnight's holiday, to enjoy again his



ABERNETHY HOUSE, MOUNT VERNON.

new-made friendships and to form others which were presently to become scarce less close and valued.

It was at this time that Stevenson was elected to the Savile Club, the social atmosphere of which his vivid personality contrived during the next five or six years to act upon and permeate to a surprising degree, considering that he was seldom seen there for more than a week at

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

a time, or for more than four or five weeks altogether in a year. His supporters, besides myself, were his own and his family's old friend Professor Fleeming Jenkin; Mr. C. B. B. M'Laren, also a friend of his family; Mr. Andrew Lang, whom he had known the winter before at Mentone; Professor W. K. Clifford and Mr. Basil Champneys, both of whom he had met, I think, during a short stay in a cottage of mine at Norwood in 1873. It was at this time, also, that he first made the personal acquaintance of Mr. (now Sir) Leslie Stephen, who had already taken work of his for the *Cornhill Magazine*, and whose editorial appreciation (of a characteristically judicious, dry and bracing kind) afforded him in the same pages, during all his earlier career, his best openings for essay and tale. Another editor, who encouraged him more particularly in critical work, was living hard by us on Hampstead Hill. This was Dr. Appleton, of St. John's College, Oxford, founder of the then severely cultured and scientific weekly journal the *Academy*; the best-hearted and most blandly pertinacious of men, who cherished, behind those "kindly spectacles" which Stevenson has celebrated, an invincible illusion as to the appetite of his fellow-countrymen for the things of the mind. In these days he was spending an infinity of zeal and labour, to the injury and finally the ruin of his health, in the endeavour, never wholly successful, to set his enterprise on a firm commercial basis. In his bachelor home, Netley Cottage, hidden out of sight in its big garden, Stevenson found hospitable entertainment; and I think it was through Appleton that he became acquainted with two other literary residents at Hampstead, Professor James Sully and Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth. A fourth local visitor and host of Stevenson's was my old and special friend Mr. Basil Champneys, the architect;

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

so that he had no lack of congenial company near at hand, besides mine. He passed a good deal of his time on foot (as he always loved to do when in health) coming and going between our lodging and London ; but at Hampstead I remember no such freakish matutinal home-coming as once at Norwood, where he presented himself to my astonished servant, on her opening the shutters, wearing a tattered sleeved waistcoat and wan from a night's walking followed by a couple of hours' slumber in an outhouse. He had spent the night on the pad through the southern slums and suburbs of London, trying to arouse the suspicions of one policeman after another till he should succeed in getting taken up as a rogue and vagabond, and thereby gain proof for his fixed belief that justice, at least in the hands of its subordinate officers, had one scale for the ragged and another for the respectable. But one and all saw through him, and refused to take him seriously as a member of the criminal classes. Though surprised at their penetration, and rather crestfallen at the failure of his attempt, he had had his reward in a number of friendly and entertaining conversations with members of the force, ending generally in confidential disclosures as to their own private affairs and feelings.

At Hampstead his ways were regular, and his apparel relatively neat and normal : he even had with him a black frock coat and tall hat, which he had once worn at a wedding. I can see him now, as he walked with me in that unaccustomed garb down the Quadrant and along Piccadilly to the Royal Academy. True, he had his hat in his hand because it chafed him. Also, being fresh from an enthusiastic study of the prosody of Milton, he kept declaiming as he walked, with rapturous comments and

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

in a ringing Scotch accent, the lines and cadences which chiefly haunted him :—

“Burned after them to the bottomless pit”—

“All night the dreadless angel, unpursued”—

“Oh ! how comely it is and how reviving”—

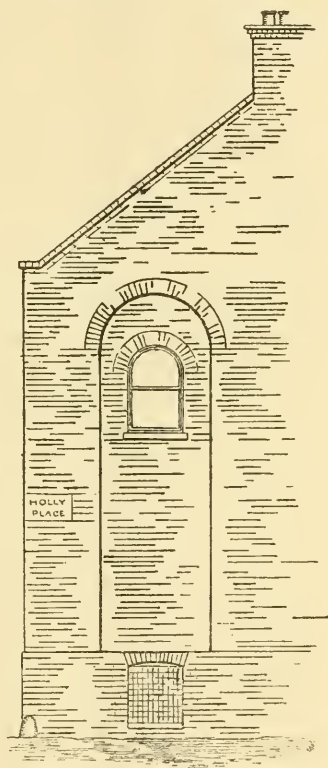
It was upon this last opening of a famous chorus in *Samson Agonistes* that the gates of Burlington House, I remember, enfolded us.

Most of my recollections of the time, as of so many other times spent in the same company, have melted into a kind of rainbow mist, a generalized impression of endless, beautiful, laughing talk, varying in theme and quality from the most red-blooded human to the airiest elfin and spiritualities out-Shelleying Shelley. Our landlady tells me of one evening of unusual heat, when we took our chairs out into the lane and sat there watching the people go streaming by up the hill in order to gain a better view of the comet—Coggia's comet, as I learn—which was just then at its fullest. I have completely forgotten the circumstance, and somehow it does not sound like R. L. S. to sit quiet on a chair while a course was assembling to witness any kind of spectacle.

His very few extant notes written to other people during the fortnight do not say much. The following is characteristic :—“I passed a dog near Jack Straw's Castle looking out of a gate so sympathetically that it put me into good humour.” Another day he writes :—“To-morrow I hope to get to work again. I have a happy thought, I think, for the *Portfolio* ; a pretty paper it should be, about children.” These words bring me to my single perfectly precise and fresh recollection of a particular incident in the Hampstead lodging. One morning, while I was attending to my own affairs, I was

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

aware of Stevenson craning intently out of the side window watching something. Presently he turned with a radiant countenance and the thrill of happiness in his voice to bid me come and watch too. A group of girl children were playing with the skipping-rope a few yards down Holly Place. "Was there ever such heavenly sport? Had I ever seen anything so beautiful? Kids and a skipping-rope—most of all that blessed youngest kid who didn't know how to skip—nothing in the whole wide world had ever made him half so happy in his life before." Scarce anyone else would have given a second look or a thought to the little scene; but while it lasted it held him thus entranced in the eagerness of observation, and exclaiming through all the gamut of superlatives. And presently, mingling in memory with the pleasure he had lately experienced on winter evenings at Mentone watching certain staggering evolutions of his three-year-old Russian friend Nelitchka



SIDE WINDOW OF ABERNETHY HOUSE
LOOKING INTO HOLLY PLACE.

Zasetzky—the "polyglot button" of his Riviera correspondence—in the attempt to dance to music, this little scene out of our lodging-house window suggested, as his own words above quoted indicate, a paper for the *Portfolio* "On the Movements of Young Children."

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

This appeared in the following August. Here in full is the passage about the Hampstead children :—

“Just the other day I was witness to a second scene, in which the motive was something similar; only this time with quite common children, and in the familiar neighbourhood of Hampstead. A little congregation had formed itself in the lane underneath my window, and was busy over a skipping-rope. There were two sisters, from seven to nine perhaps, with dark faces and dark hair, and slim, lithe, little figures clad in lilac frocks. The elder of these two was mistress of the art of skipping. She was just and adroit in every movement; the rope passed over her black head and under her scarlet-stockinged legs with a precision and regularity that was like machinery; but there was nothing mechanical in the infinite variety and sweetness of her inclinations, and the spontaneous agile flexure of her lean waist and hips. There was one variation favourite with her, in which she crossed her hands before her with a motion not unlike that of weaving, which was admirably intricate and complete. And when the two took the rope together and whirled in and out with occasional interruptions, there was something Italian in the type of both—in the length of nose, in the slimness and accuracy of the shapes—and something gay and harmonious in the double movement, that added to the whole scene a southern element, and took me over sea and land into distant and beautiful places. Nor was this impression lessened when the elder girl took in her arms a fair-haired baby, and while the others held the rope for her, turned and gyrated, and went in and out over it lightly, with a quiet regularity that seemed as if it might go on for ever. Somehow, incongruous as was the occupation, she reminded me of Italian Madonnas. And now, as before in the hotel drawing-room, the humorous element was to be introduced; only this time it was in broad farce. The funniest little girl, with a mottled complexion and a big, damaged nose, and looking for all the world like any dirty, broken-nosed doll in a nursery lumber-room, came forward to take her turn. While the others swung the rope for her as gently as it could be done—a mere mockery of movement—and playfully taunted her timidity, she passaged backwards and forwards in a pretty flutter of indecision, putting up her shoulders and laughing with the embarrassed laughter of children by the water’s edge, eager to bathe and yet fearful. There never was anything at once so droll and so pathetic. One did not know whether to laugh or to cry. And when at last she had made an end of all her deprecations and drawings back, and summoned up heart enough to straddle over the rope, one leg at a time, it was a sight to see her ruffle herself up like a peacock and go away down the lane with her damaged nose, seeming to think discretion the better part of valour, and

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

rather uneasy lest they should ask her to repeat the exploit. Much as I had enjoyed the grace of the older girls, it was now just as it had been before in France, and the clumsiness of the child seemed to have a significance and a sort of beauty of its own, quite above this grace of the others in power to affect the heart. I had looked on with a certain sense of balance and completion at the silent, rapid, masterly evolutions of the eldest; I had been pleased by these in the way of satisfaction. But when little broken-nose began her pantomime of indecision I grew excited. There was something quite fresh and poignant in the delight I took in her imperfect movements. I remember, for instance, that I moved my own shoulders, as if to imitate her; really, I suppose, with an inarticulate wish to help her out."

Then follow some speculations on the elements of the peculiar pleasure received in the several cases. The little paper does not go deep; it is merely an exercise, like much of Stevenson's work at this time, in describing justly some of the pretty minor ripples of life's surface and analysing the causes of their charm. He did not think it worth reprinting in his lifetime, so that it is now only to be found in the back numbers of the *Portfolio*,* or in the posthumous and complete Edinburgh Edition.† One thing may be remarked in reading it: how early in career as a writer he had learnt to practise moderation of statement and lenity of style. Herein he exercised from the beginning a deliberate artistic control over his own temperament. He had in him, sick or well, the peculiar fire and intensity of life which belong to, and are in themselves a large part of, genius; and his days were spent especially in youth, almost always at some vehement extreme of feeling or another. Much of his talk, as I have hinted, was in superlatives of corresponding vehemence. During ill-health, had he a day or an hour of respite, he would gleefully proclaim himself a balmy being and a bird of Paradise. Did anything in life or

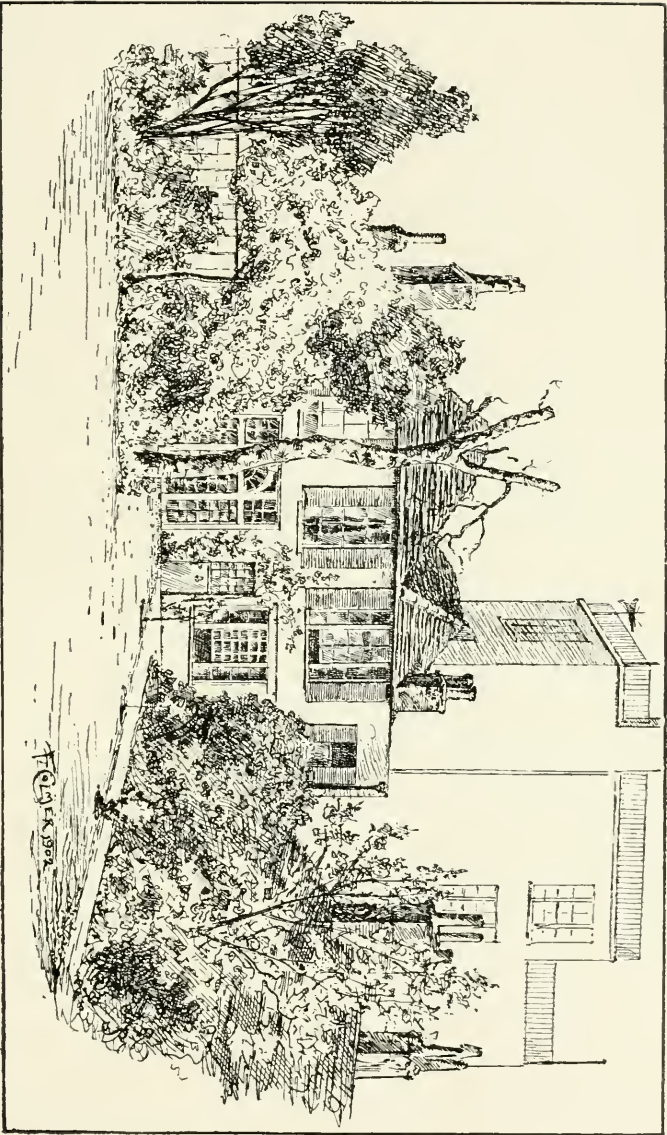
* August, 1874.

† *Miscellanies*, vol. IV., p. 127.

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

literature please him, it was for the moment inimitably and incomparably the most splendid and wonderful thing in the whole world, and he must absolutely have you think so too—unless, indeed, you chose to direct his sense of humour against his own exaggerations, in which case he would generally (but not quite always, if the current of feeling was too strong) receive your criticism with ready assenting laughter. Sometimes indeed, when he meant something stronger even than usual, he would himself disarm the critic, and at the same time heighten his effect, by employing a figure not of exaggeration but of humorous diminution, and would cover the intensity of his feeling by expressing it in some perfectly feeble, stale and colourless hack phrase. You would propose something you knew he was red-hot to do, and he would reply, his eyes flashing with anticipation, Well yes, he could bring himself to do that without a pang ; or he would describe the horrors of a visit to the dentist or of a formal tea-party (to one or two of which he was at this time lured), by admitting that it hadn't been quite all his fancy painted it ; which you knew meant a degree of tribulation beyond superlatives.

This, however, is beside my point ; which is that the emotional, emphatic and exaggerated colours natural to his youthful temperament and conversation were never even from the first allowed to find their way into his considered writing. This was in itself no small merit in an age when so many prose-writers of genius, and those the most attractive and impressive to youth, as Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Dickens, had been men given, each after his manner, to shouting ; masters of strained rhetorical emphasis, or grotesque or gorgeous exaggeration ; dealers in declamatory eloquence, the purple patch and the insistent phrase, the vehement and contentious



NETTLEY COTTAGE, THE GROVE, HAMSTEAD.

Robert Louis Stevenson at Hampstead.

assertion. Stevenson, had he let himself go, might easily have become a shouter too. His natural perceptions and states of consciousness were extraordinarily acute ; I mean acute in both senses, alike by sharpness of discrimination and by emotional intensity of pleasure or pain. The essential note of his style, its peculiar colour and quality, reside I should say, in the circumstance that in one of these two respects, in fine discrimination of shades and differences, he indulged and encouraged his temperament to the utmost ; while in the other, the tendency to declamatory stress and vehemence, he held it very severely in check. His early imitative studies had given him a vocabulary fuller, probably, than that of any contemporary English writer. He had at command a score of different words for as many shades and niceties of feeling or vision or idea, where many even of good writers would have had only one general and inclusive word for them all ; and he was never satisfied until he had found the very exact and vital phrase to express and match the finest shades of his meaning. To certain critics, accustomed to and preferring more generalised and well-worn forms of expression, there seems affectation in this ; and indeed sometimes, in straightforward everyday matters, it might have been better had Stevenson been content with the common currency of words and phrases rubbed smooth by use, instead of preferring to deal in coins always bright and fresh from the mint. But in him this nicety of expression was no affectation ; it was a matter alike of intellectual instinct and of artistic conscience. And let it always be remembered how free he keeps his writing from that other excess natural to him, the excess of eagerness and emphasis and emotional heat ; how from the first he schooled himself to express things, with vividness indeed and precision unfailing, but at the

same time temperately, collectedly, and companionably, without strain or importunity, in sentences of the most attractive harmony and of movement ever beautifully varied and controlled.

But these considerations have carried me beyond my aim, which was merely, at the request of the editors, to call up for Hampstead readers, out of the dimness of memory, some glimpse of an image of Stevenson in his Hampstead lodgings. And to think that both the polyglot button of Mentone and the little broken-nose of Holly Place, if they have lived, are women well-turned thirty, and that it is even fifteen years and more since R.L.S. himself beckoned to me his last farewell from the deck of the steamer *Ludgate Hill* in Tilbury Dock!





Shadows.

BY ERNEST RADFORD.

Bend we together,
Husband and wife,
O'er a child sleeping,
Dearer than life.
Say we together,
Husband and wife,
"The painting will never
Be true to the life."

Heavy the footfall,
Laboured the breath,
Quit we the chamber
Held by Death.
"Seek ye in marble,"
The comforter saith,
"The semblance of living,
The silence of death."

Shadows.

Toys he has played with
Toys he has left,
Stand we together,
Astonied, bereft.
Clearing the road-way
Leading us on,
The light and its bearer
Gone from us, gone.

Ueber allen Gipfeln.

(FROM GOETHE.)

On the high mountain range
There is rest.
Of wind
Not a breath
On its crest.
In the forest—
(Hush, hush,
It is late)—
No call of the bird
To his mate.
Lull'd to slumber,
Folded to breast,
Soon, says our mother,
Soon shalt thou rest.

ERNEST RADFORD.



The Wells of Hampstead.

(A Day's Dream.)

BY APHRA WILSON.



T was so inspiring, so enticing a morning that it drew me out on the Heath like a magnet. The blue dome of the sky shone through a gauze of mist, shot with the sun's gold ; there was a tang of London's smoke in the fresh air ; birds were twittering and piping in the great privet bush, still wet with the heavy dews of dawn, and the sparrows were busy on the roadway as I stepped into the humming opal heart of the morning.

To start with, it was miry going along the narrow path winding above the Vale pond. There were shallow sticky pools, and the plastic soil of them was thick patterned with foot-prints ; it was plain that earlier wayfarers had passed on before me. To step aside here was to soak ankle-deep in hollows and hillocks of coarse drenched grass. Up the slope the path widened ; here was sandy earth all runnel-marked, the yellow breast of it set with grass islets emerald green, and stuck about

The Wells of Hampstead.

with the shining blues and greys and browns of beach pebbles. The light splashed a little dew-furred hollow into a dazzle of diamonds, and the Vale pond was a shimmering floor where two white swans floated. I needs must pause and stand at gaze. Then, in a flash, in a breath, the glinting brightness swam and surged and rolled and broke into a vast sea, and I was poised above a moving world of waters. As far as eye could reach they lay heaving in the sunshine. I looked and saw that they were full of life; in them great creatures of the deep dived and sported. The sun shone down hotly. Out of the luminous haze a glistening speck came gently rocking over the waves beneath me. So small it was, I bent to look. It was a nautilus venturing his tiny craft. Intently I watched this little brother of mine sailing onwards, onwards in the sunlight over the teeming limitless waters, till he vanished in the distant brightness.

With his vanishing, I was on the body of this earth again, following the leaf-strewn path by the willows below the East Heath road. Down the road men were hurrying by ones and twos and threes, their faces pointed City-wards. A tradesman's high cart rattled down-hill with a strapping young Jehu, ruddy and whistling, his cap set well back, in his jacket a posy, his whip flicking and jerking salutes to the jolly life of his day.

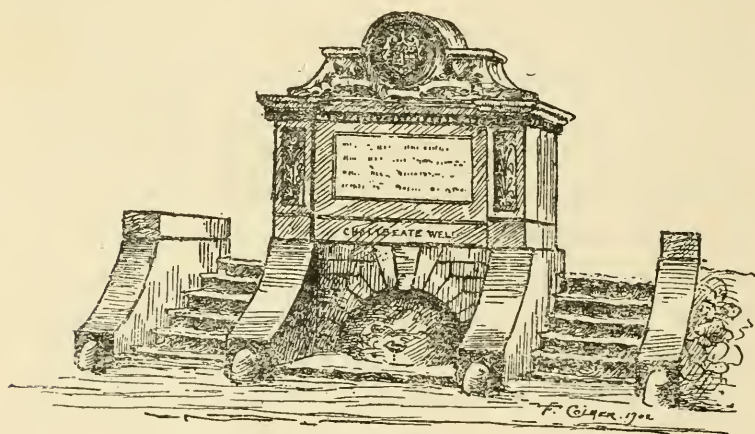
By Well Walk I slipped briskly into this morning freshet of men. Ahead was a pattering girl or two on the brow of the long slope to the trams and the railway station. That smooth descent and the Heath's broken declivities were all bathed in effulgent air and dissolving dews. Down the paved way, over the scattered willow-leaves, slender, pointed, shining, the sober-suited figures pressed forward, tramping, bobbing, scurrying to catch

The Wells of Hampstead.

up the thousand odd tasks of the bustling day. Away on the left, through a mesh of boughs and branches and a further fringe of sparse-leaved willows, a glimpse of water showed where the reservoirs are, backed by a dun drab line of houses—the outposts of London, the ramparts of the Heath. At the foot of the road stood the round-house, guarding its hidden well. At the edge of the cross-roads I stayed, while my fellows passed over to the pavement beyond. Invisible cords held me back ; between me and them the brown road lay like a gulf, but I followed them with my eyes, and I saw that the slanting sunlight fell on the wet pavement, transmuting it into a path of liquid gold. I knew that golden way was not for my treading. I might not take that glistening road with the quickly living ; Hampstead and the Heath claimed me. So it was up-hill now, past the trough, to the drinking fountain, with its smooth red granite face. Idly I pressed the metal disk and watched the water gush out in free flow for the thirsty wayfarer. Then on and up to Well Walk, here to sit awhile where Keats rested—was it yesterday ? Keats !—for a flitting moment he was there beside me ; his mortal breath came gaspingly, on his cheeks were the hues of dissolution, his eyes shone fever-bright. They beamed into mine, lustrous as midnight stars, burning, vibrating with light—the unquenchable light of the universe. They were one with the sunshine about me, with the vibrant heights of air above me, with the pervading splendour of the morning. Presently I looked beyond the seven pillars, green and fluted, the little sentinels stationed at the Walk's entrance, to where the Heath curved down, and billowed and undulated upwards, set about with trees like a park. The row of elms by the watercourse in the valley were magnificent in autumn's green and gold

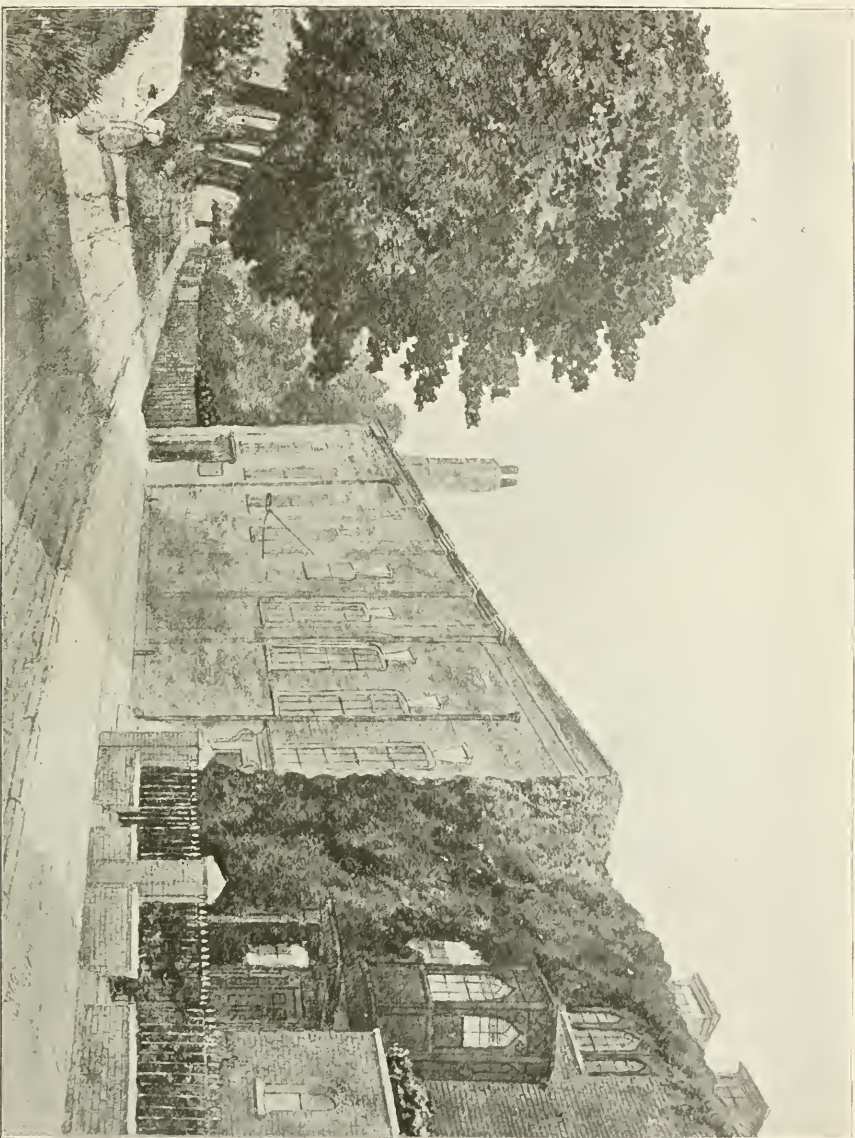
The Wells of Hampstead.

brocade ; those hard by were in a fine livery of gold and tawny green, and the leaves at my feet were all gold. The broad path was thick-sprinkled with them to the Chalybeate Well and beyond. The fancy took me to drink a hollowed palmful of the Well water perpetually dropping, dropping over the the rust-stained shell. With the taste of it in my mouth I went up one of its flanking flights of steps on to the wide path again. Not a soul was in sight ; the place was wrapped in a brooding



THE CHALYBEATE WELL,
WELL WALK.

stillness, and as I walked I dropped out of time and space and fell in a deep muse. From some unknown region of the air a little wind blew suddenly—a warm breath. It blew on the fallen leaves, rustling and jostling them together, fluttering them off the earth. In my ears there was a noise, the noise of many people moving and talking. I looked up, and lo ! I was in the midst of a crowd ; I was one of a company. I was in the thick of a butterfly throng of ogling, bowing beaux ; of swaying wide-hooped belles ; of sober cits and gaudy



THE ASSEMBLY AND PUMP ROOMS (now demolished), WELL, WARWICK.
From the original painting by E. H. Dixon, in the possession of Miss Quatrich.

The Wells of Hampstead.

city Madams ; of strutting prentices and pert Molls. I was staring at a kaleidoscopic show of flowered silks and stiff brocades ; of tippets, laces, swords and dangling canes ; of flirting fans and tossing heads ; of simpering smiles and killing glances ; there was laughter low and loud, and bursts of music borne to and fro on the summer breeze.

“A bright and diverting scene, sir,” said a genial voice at my elbow. “As good for sad eyes as the waters are for bad ones. ’Tis your first sight of this assemblage I take it ! Why, then, I’ll be your guide with good will, if yours be as good to have me. I am up from the town for the air and the waters.”

A dapper figure of a man, and a friendly, topped by a grizzled bush of a wig, hat cocked under arm, buckled shoes, in a suit of rich mulberry, stepped out, bowed low, offered his box, and twinkled a fine pair of brown eyes into mine.

“Just what I would have,” said I. “I am somewhat at sea, so to say, in this watering place.”

“I have frequented these Wells a round dozen of seasons, sir, and have lodged at the Chicken House the last few times. That’s down the hill, not a great way above Dick Steele’s cottage. ’Twas there the notorious Sir Charles Sedley retreated and died—repenting, I have heard. It lies yonder.” My Unknown flourished his cane to the left, pointing past a big building lit with long windows to the rolling stretches of grass and trees beyond. “Dick was a Kit-Cat. When he lodged at the cottage, young Mr. Pope and Dr. Arbuthnot would carry him to the Club’s summer meetings at the Upper Flask. I have seen them pass, as busy talking as bees gathering honey.”

The Wells of Hampstead.

“ And that big house with long windows, where the folk are going in ? ”

“ The Pump Room—the Great Room some call it. It is a concert day ; but if you, sir, are agreeable, we will keep in the open. Here we breathe pure air, enjoy a lovely prospect, and are enchanted by Nature’s feathered minstrels discoursing sweet harmonies mid the leafy boughs and in the bosky dells. So it please you, while we walk, I will entertain you with a history of these waters and the place.”

My nimble companion had trotted me along at a fair pace ; he slowed down, cleared his throat, and proceeded to pour out information at a great rate.

“ Who discovered these waters and their sovereign properties, I know not, but in 1698, the spring and six acres of heath ground about the medicinal waters was given by Baptist Earl of Gainsborough to trustees for the use and benefit of the poor of Hampstead. Mark the name Baptist, sir, it is pertinent. (My guide flicked his cane with an air.) I have handled a halfpenny token of the year 1670, issued by one Dorothy Rippin, who, it would seem, made some profit by the sale of these waters. This token bore on it the legend, *Dorothy Rippin at the Well in Hampstead*, and the representation of a well and a bucket. In the Spring of 1700, you might purchase every morning, flasks of the water from Mr. R. Philps, Apothecary, at the ‘ Eagle and Child,’ in Fleet Street, at threepence a flask ; conveyed to your house it would cost you a penny more. You might get it, too, from the lessee of the Wells, at the Black Posts, King Street, near the Guildhall ; at Swan’s Coffee House, Ludgate Hill ; and at other places in the City. It was at this time I first tried them and proved their

The Wells of Hampstead.

most excellent renovating qualities. I do assure you that, if bottled, this mineral water will so hold its spirit and virtue, that it may be carried to distant parts. It will keep milk sweet four days, I vouch for it ; and so impregnated is it with iron, magnesia, lime, and other earthy salts, that it will turn purple with syrup of violets. And, sir," he continued, waving his cane in a circle, "the Heath and countryside about this favoured village of Hampstead, grows medicinal herbs of great and varied virtues, in prolific abundance. The Apothecaries Company have found an astonishing number of curious and useful plants in this neighbourhood. You must know this learned Company mounts hither in the Spring for an herbalising feast. Yes, this Heath is most lavishly endowed by bounteous Nature. Air, waters, plants, all contribute to the healing of man, and that to a remarkable degree."

My convinced rhapsodist paused for breath, and I—with some slyness, I admit—interpolated a question. "Is not this salubrious spot plagued at times with a strange kind of noxious, deadly vermin, scarce to be seen with the naked eye, but emitting a strong copper smell when crushed, and causing a severe sickness and breaking out in blotches to those who tamper with them?"

"Why, so they say, sir, and that they are in webs, but I know nothing of them. Rumour's a lying jade, and like as not 'tis a web of the imagination. Even were it so, be sure there is a medicinal herb to be found here which would prove a curative physic. And there are the Waters, those healthful springs which—as hath been said with less truth of another famed spa—may be likened to the Stygian waters that make the body in-

The Wells of Hampstead.

vulnerable. But a truce to hearsay" (my guide verged on a testy humour). "We can offer many attractions to the visitor. Races—there is a fine enough course behind Jack Straw's Castle, and—"

"Is there not, somewhere in that quarter a gruesome attraction in the shape of a gibbet?" I ventured.

"What if there be, sir! To every place its gibbet or two. 'Tis a hanging and transporting age. And I would have you know this is no Tyburn, with its executions every six weeks, and as many as fifteen rogues and rascals hanged at one go. Ay, they string them in bunches, and you may see relations and friends tug-tugging the feet of the dangling wretches to jerk them the quicker out of their pain. I vouch for it, and 'tis a most shocking spectacle." My Guide was a trifle overcome with the recollection and took snuff freely.

"Is this Heath so completely fortunate a spot that no foot-pads, pick-pockets, cut-purses and gentlemen of the road are to be met with hereabouts?"

"Your true vermin, these, my good sir, and ubiquitous. The Heath is not worse infested with those gentry than are other villages around London. They are thick as Beelzebub's flies about Sadler's Wells, a very legion of them. Link-boys and horse-patrols must escort you to the City and West end of the town. If we have at odd times a prowling Knight of the Post or two, we are spared your Mohocks and their Emperor, a set of nose-splitting, dare-devil rakes, a most damnable crew. Now, pray, dismiss your fears for purse or throat. (The brown eyes twinkled straight into mine again). A sufficient guard, well-armed with stout cudgels and other weapons of defence, is provided by the inhabitants of the Wells, to attend the company to London every public day evening at half-past ten of the clock. I bear you

The Wells of Hampstead.

witness, sir, that, for management and divertisements, Hampstead bears off the palm. Marybone, I know, and Cupid's Garden, Lambeth Wells and Sadler's Wells, and New Tunbridge at Islington, and I have frequented the London Spa on May Day to see the Milkmaids' Dance ; but none comes near Hampstead. I tell you, they're not a patch on Hampstead."

By this, we were come up on the high ground a stone's throw from Jack Straw's.

"Here, sir, is the 'Upper Flask' of 'Kit-Cat' fame, and there is a noble panorama, a feast for the eye, seen best from Prospect Walk, away to the left yonder. But, with your leave, sir, we will retrace our steps to the centre of gaiety." He turned pointing downwards to a cluster of buildings showing through the trees. "There lies the Wells Tavern with bowling-green, coffee-room, and dancing-room, where they foot it the livelong day, and the night through into the bargain. We can take a peep at the dancing, if you will. And there's a raffling shop or two, which is not so well." My dapper friend switched the air sharply and wagged his bushy head.

"Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff of the 'Tatler' hath said of one that 'tis secretly supported by a person who is a deep practitoner in the law, who out of tenderness to conscience has, under the name of his maid Sisly, set up this easier way of conveyancing and alienating estates from one family to another. A blot this, sir, a rascally shame that must be cried down. Then there is a Fair held in the Lower Flask Tavern Walk, the first four days of August, which has got nigh as bad as May Fair, and will doubtless go the way of it. May Fair was put a stop to in 1708. These Fairs are but cock-pits and bear-gardens of rascality now-a-days.

"Infects the company at the Wells?" I hazarded.

"But slightly, but slightly. Quality and Fashion carry the day there, sir. See, now, close by the tavern, you may observe a small building. That is the renowned Sion Chapel, a private and pleasure place, where many persons of the best fashion have been married."

"Marriages of the Fleet kind?"

"Of the *best fashion*, I said, sir. A minister attends there, constantly. Those who would be tied in the nuptial knot—your true Gordian—must bring a licence and five shillings. If they dine in the gardens the fee is remitted."

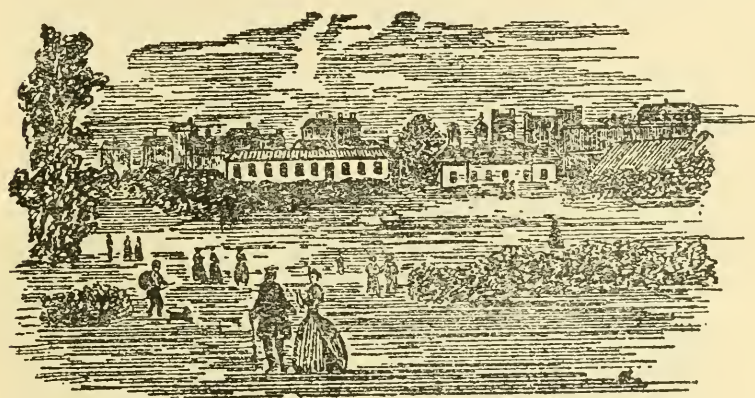
"What of gaming and duelling?"

"There is high play here at times, I'll not deny it, but if you would have a sight of unlawful gaming and rank disorder of the baser kind, I commend you to Belsize House. Of duelling I know naught in my own person. I am of Dick Steele's mind in that. Saith he, 'The Duellist is a Coward to Man and a Bravo to God.' Now, there spoke your true Christian Hero. Doubtless, gentlemen come here to settle their differences in the approved fashion. If you are curious on the point, I can tell you, that not such a great while ago—'twas of a Saturday in August—an Italian Count was up here, and what must this hot-blooded foreigner be at but come to the table where gentlemen were at play, and pick a quarrel with a Squire Bateman about putting down half-a-crown. They drew, and made a pass at each other, and the Squire ran the Count betwixt his coat and his body, but did not wound him. The gentlemen present beat their swords out of their hands, and parted them, and so prevented an effusion of blood. 'Twas a near thing. Then that very same August, in plaguey hot weather, a Churchwarden and an Overseer, of a Parish I'll not name ('tis within a mile of Covent Garden), had

The Wells of Hampstead.

a falling-out at the gaming-table. First, they fell to it with John Bull's fisticuffs, then it was screeching vollies of Billingsgate. They charged each other with such horrid practices, and revealed such a secret piece of history as put the parish upon making an enquiry into the facts."

My Unknown drew up, took a breath or two, adjusted his wig, settled his waistcoat, dangled his cane, put on something of a jaunty air and glanced sharply



THE LONG ROOM.

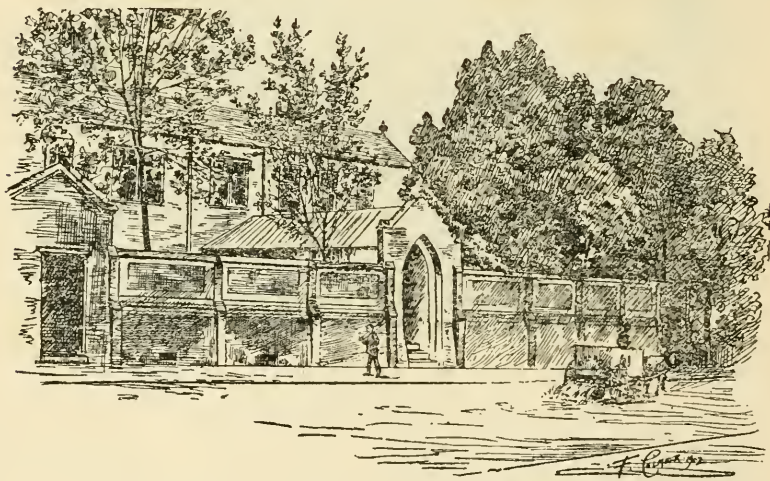
(After a drawing by Chatelain.)

about him ; for we were come near the company and the noise of the Wells.

"'Tis a chance that a member or two of the Scriblerus will be up and taking the air at this time. I want a word with Dr. Arbuthnot. He was in the very jaws of death about a twelvemonth or so ago. He greatly favours the Wells for his complaint, and I had it from a friend that I might look for him at Hampstead to-day, with Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay, for certain. As you may know, Mr. Pope is a crooked little fellow, but a mighty big genius ; Mr. Gay is fat, clumsy in his walk, goes

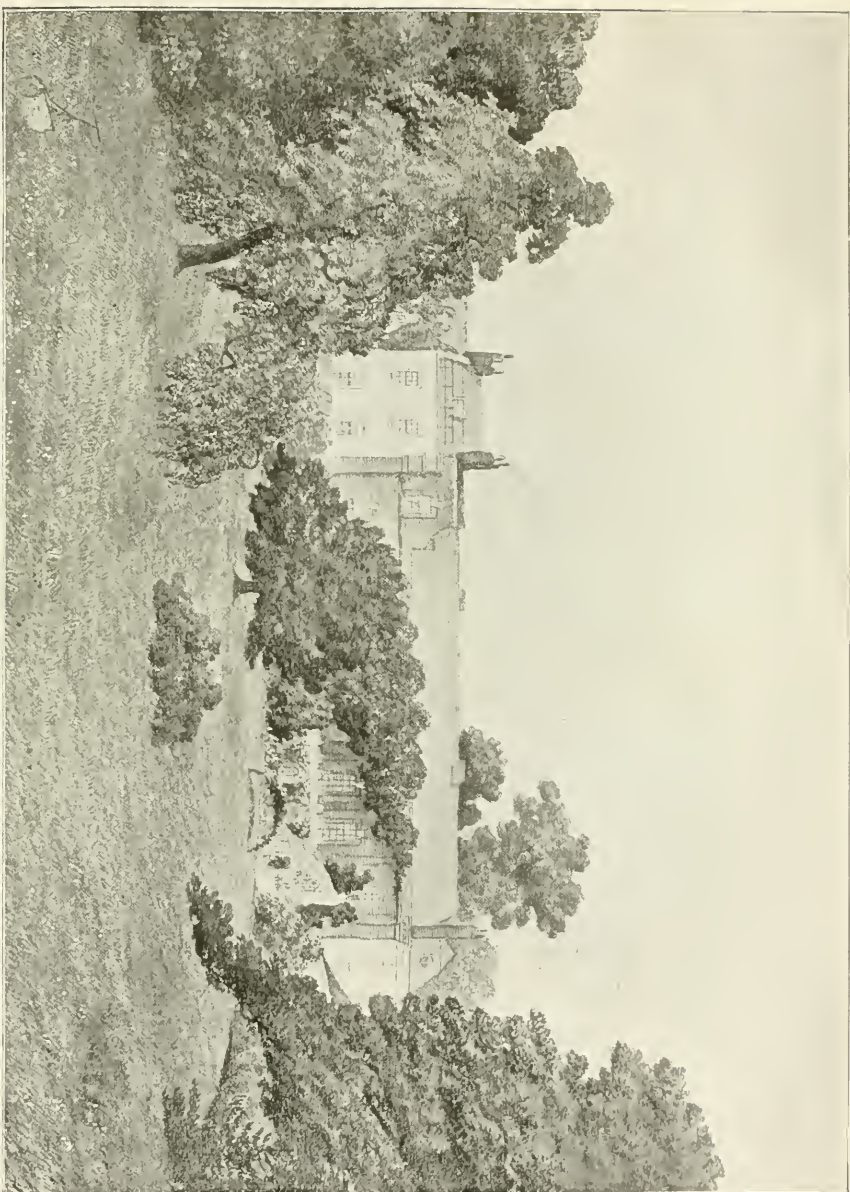
The Wells of Hampstead.

showily clad, and is over fond of his food. I have heard, though, the poor soul was in so starving a state one time, that he gobbled up his poultice. There *is* the good doctor, and rallying Mr. Gay, I'll wager, by the look of him and Mr. Pope. Oh, a true stroke of luck! Farewell, sir! Farewell!" He was off, my Unknown, like a swallow, making his way through the crowd with an eager darting motion. He drew up with a genuflectory bow before three gentlemen in lively talk. I had but a recognising glimpse before the crowd swallowed them.



WEATHERALL HOUSE (THE LONG ROOM) IN 1902.

Standing a little apart, desultory snatches of talk reached me; talk of balls and of dances at the Long Room, and, alas! complaints of goods stolen from that polite assembly. Almost insensibly the crowd began to melt and change, the day to fall to twilight, the air to turn sharp with the nip of autumn. I gazed upwards at the sky, now clear and lit with stars. Across it sheets of light began to play and flicker to increasing brightness.

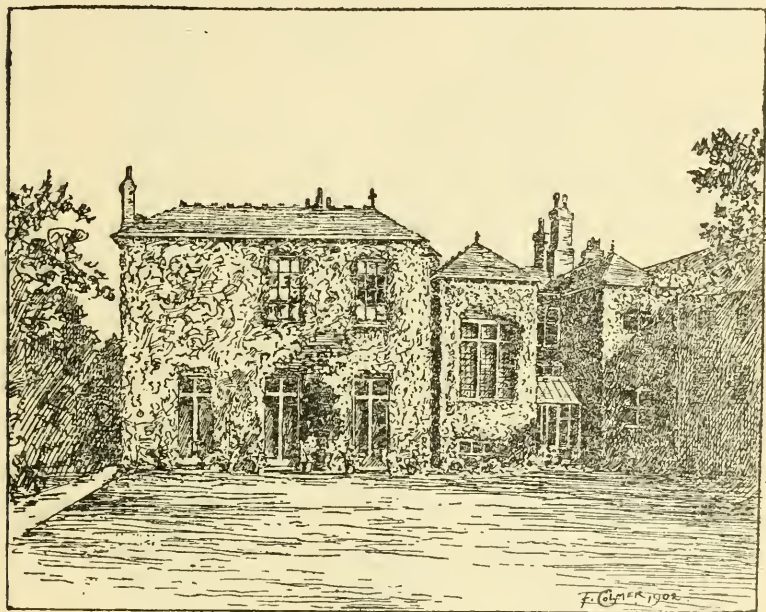


THE GARDENS OF THE ASSEMBLY AND PUMP ROOMS.

From the original painting by E. H. Dixon, in the possession of Miss Quostich.

The Wells of Hampstead.

Then darting fiery torches of blue and red and white, streamed and flared up and up, brighter, closer, till they united in a flaming circle, like a sun of Judgment Day. There were huddled, wondering, staring groups of folk pressed about me, and the air hummed with low-and-loud-toned exclamations. I stared long and steadily at



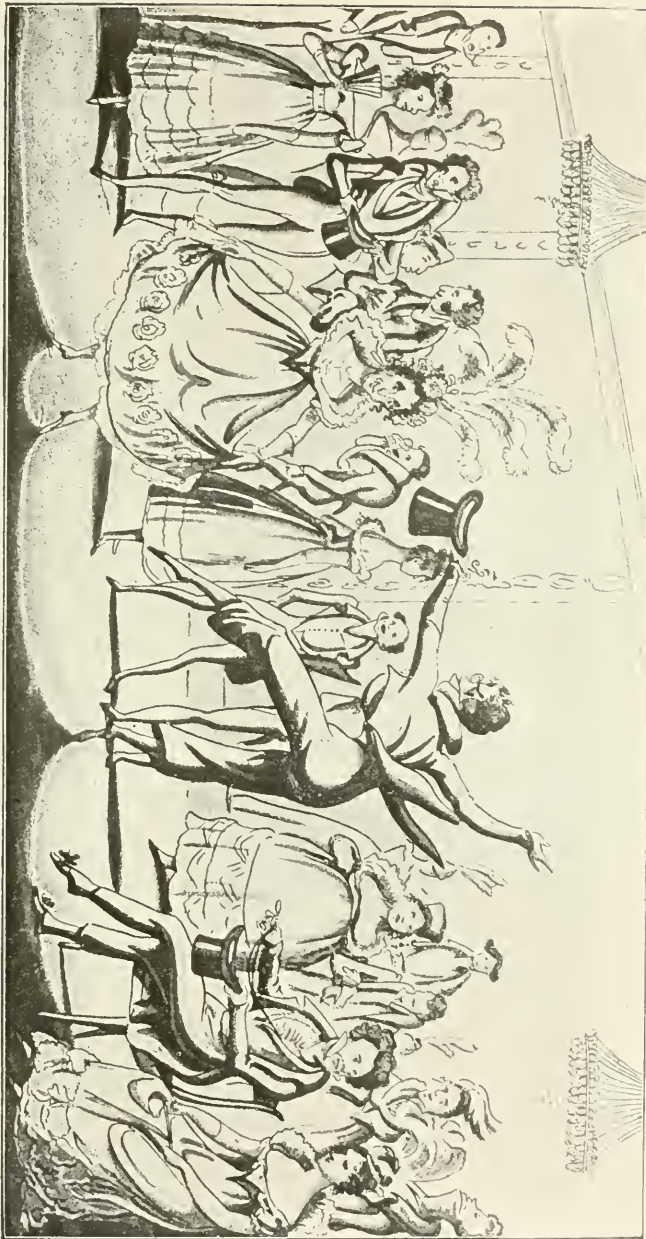
WEATHERALL HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

the flaming, many-hued brightness, till it glowed and deepened into the familiar scarlet and gold, crimson and orange of an autumn sunset. I looked about me with dazed eyes; I could not see a living soul; the Wells and all its throng had vanished. The Long Room, where Fanny Burney sent her Evelina to the Hampstead ball with a company as "fine as five-pence," where

The Wells of Hampstead.

Madame Duval danced her astonishing minuet with Mr. Smith. stood there still, but in a modern masque, and altered beyond immediate recognition. Where the Pump Room had been, the red bricks of Wellside House burned in the sunset ; but I knew that beneath the house of to-day a well was buried deep. From the end of the path, by the little fluted green sentinel pillars, I glanced down Well Walk lying bare and quiet in the evening glow, and saw the top of the chalybeate well standing up like a desolate tomb. It wavered into the sunset's magic changing lights, and before me lay a sombre stretch of fuzzy heath. Out of it two skin-clad wild-haired figures came, creatures of the place, and bent in the glow to drink their fill of a spring's bubbling water. And, surely, as they knelt, with cup-hollowed hands, a loping string of wolves glimmered by on the long black edge of the wood, and the two skin-clad creatures faded off stealthily, absorbed in the darkening night. Did I catch from out the evening distance, thin piping notes, faint and far, now piercing sweet and clear—the deathless melodies of ever-youthful Pan ? I turned in the day's evening to hear voices and pattering footsteps on the road. It was a stalwart lover, clad in khaki, and his smiling lass stepping down to London arm in arm. They never saw me ; they were gazing at each other in the dusk and laughing softly. The revealing light of a gas-lamp at the corner touched his gleaming teeth and glinted in her happy eyes. I turned upwards, homewards. And as I went, I remembered, with a strange thrill at the heart, that it was the close of All Souls' Day. Many call it the Day of the Dead. I call it *The Day of the Deathless*.

All about me the Heath lay quiet in a transfiguring glow ; the sky behind the flagstaff was one pulsating



MADAME DEVAL DANCING IN THE LONG ROOM.

The Wells of Hampstead.

fire, as if the life of a further world were beating through, and throbbing up and up from the well-springs of Eternal Day.

Hampstead Heath,

November 1st, 1902.

Hampstead Assembly.

The musical notation consists of four staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a time signature of 12/4. The notation is handwritten and includes various musical symbols such as eighth notes, quarter notes, and rests. The second staff continues the melody. The third staff features a double bar line and a repeat sign. The fourth staff concludes the piece with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

First Cit. set & cast off lead through the 3^d Cit 2^d Cit the same. cross over foot it all 4 turn. Cross over back again foot & turn. Cross over 1/2 figure in lead through Bottom & Top. Cross Corners. Right and Left



Hampstead Note Book.

THE following account of an old Hampstead Society is extracted from a Paper read before the Society of Philoinvestigists and a numerous company of Friends, by Mr. Thomas Mitchell, the Secretary, at a Meeting held on the evening of Brother Abraham Folkard's funeral, Hampstead, February 5th, 1790 :—

SOCIETY OF PHILOINVESTIGISTS.

It is now something more than nine years since the Proposal was drawn up, and handed about, to form an Amicable Society ; Political Disputes at that Time running so very high in all Companies, that there was scarce any Opportunity for social Conversation, to the great Disappointment of those, who wished to spend an Evening in a more agreeable Manner than that of always disputing about the same Thing.

The Proposal was approved, and signed by several respectable Inhabitants ; who held their first meeting at the Flask, on Thursday

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Evening, the 23rd of August 1781; when it was observed that in a mixed Company (meeting by chance as it were), the common Topics of Conversation are in general very light, trifling, and too frequently obscene.—The ignorance, heat of Passion, or Intemperance of one Man becomes disgusting and offensive to the whole Company. They therefore agreed, that the Design of this INSTITUTION, is to keep within the Bounds of Temperance, and to avoid that light, trifling, and too often obscene Discourse, and to introduce useful Subjects, or Topics of Conversation, that tend to improve the Understanding, and mend the Heart; towards accomplishing this grand Point, certain Rules and Orders were then drawn up, the due Observation of which has ever been deem'd indispensibly necessary by every good Member.

And as Friendship, and a Cultivation of useful and moral Conversation is what is aimed at, it was agreed as a Requisite, that the Members should hear each other with Patience, and Attention, and if of a contrary Opinion, to lay it down with Temper and Precision,—using no Pun,—Jest,—or Witticism; and if any one speaking, uses provincial Expressions, provided they convey his Meaning to the Understanding, in this Society it is prohibited, to turn them into Ridicule, for a Man can only express his Ideas in such Language as he is Master of.

BROTHER, is esteemed a proper Appellation to be used in this Society, being respectful, and at the same time leveling all Distinctions, and putting every Member on an equal Footing, which should always be observed in a friendly Association of Men, as most likely to produce the desired Effect.

The President (Mr. Eagle Casswell) proposed to give the Society the Name of PHILOINVESTIGISTS, *i.e.*, Lovers of Investigation, which was immediately adopted. Without commenting on the Propriety, or Impropriety of the Term, let it suffice to say it has ever since gone by that Name; and the usual Address of its Members is, Brothers Phil.

This Society had not continued long before the Sincerity of its Members was put to a Trial, by Misfortunes and Calamities which are common to Mankind, and which none can entirely prevent, these touch'd their Feelings, who being convinced that altho' it was not in their Power to prevent Calamities, yet they might by giving timely Assistance afford some Consolation to the Afflicted, and alleviate their Misfortunes. It was therefore agreed, that a Fund should be raised by a Quarterly Subscription, which, with other Monies arising from Forfeits, etc., should be put into the Treasurer's Hands, and be called the "Stock of the Society of Philoinvestigists," and to be principally appropriated to the two following Uses:—

First.—That in Case any Misfortune shall befall a Brother Phil, or any worthy Neighbour, such, shall from Time to Time be relieved with

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such Sum, or Sums, as shall be agreeable to the Majority and Competency of the said Stock. This Application needs no Encomium, there are many living Witnesses who have experienced its Benefits ; may this Part of the general Plan be increased to the Relief of those who stand in Need, and the pleasing Gratification of every generous soul that contributes.

Secondly.—To pay the Expenses of all Meetings held on the Evening of a deceased Brother's Funeral, in order that every Member may be at Liberty to use his own Pleasure of attending, or not, without being at any Expense, or incurring any Forfeit whatever. And the intent of holding all such Meetings is to pay some Respect to the Memory of a deceased Brother, to mark the Progress of Death in the Society,—and hear a Discourse suitable to the Occasion from any Brother who may come prepared.

315th Meeting.—It having been resolved in a former Meeting, that a Sunday School would be of Utility in this Parish, and an Address to the principal Inhabitants, voted and ordered to be printed. Mr. President at this Meeting produced the Address printed, which the members took upon themselves to deliver at proper Houses, each taking a certain Number.

316th.—It was resolved that a School be opened on Sunday next (Sept. 25th, 1787) for the Reception and Instruction of poor Children under the Direction and Inspection of nine Members of this Society. That the Children assemble at Brother ——— untill proper Teachers can be engaged, that spelling Books, and Books of the Church Catechism, etc., be provided for the Use of the Children at the Expence of the Society.

317th and 318th.—The President laid before the Society, Accounts of the Progress made towards establishing a Sunday School, which, after due Consideration, appear'd in every point of View to answer the first Intention, and promised to be of great Utility to the Poor in general.

319th.—The Secretary laid before the Members a Book of the Plan for the future Management of the Sunday School, with the Mode of keeping Checks of the Children's Attendance, etc., etc., by which it appeared there were 120 Children's Names on the Book, and that 95, had attended Divine Service the preceding Lord's Day.

Mr. Casswell, who was indefatigable in promoting this Institution, now with Pleasure informed the Society that the Success had exceeded his most sanguine Expectations, that he had received Subscriptions to a considerable Amount, and that most who had given, wished to make it annual.

Thus the affluent, and generous Inhabitants of this Village, with a Sensibility that ever distinguishes the truly Benevolent, immediately stretched out the Arm of Assistance, and gave Effect to the Infant

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Institution, while the members were, with the greatest Degree of Condescension and Complacency, seconded and patronized by one who is an Ornament and an Honor to the present Age.*

The Plan laid down by the Society has been much approved of, and adopted in several Places, and though Hampstead was not among the first in this laudable Work, it has, nevertheless, to the lasting Praise and Honor of its benevolent Inhabitants, and the Credit of the Members of this Society out-done many other Parishes.

The Plan for conducting the Management of the Sunday Schools being brought into a regular and settled Form, the Members turned their Thoughts on the Improvement and Extension of the original Design of this Society, when it was suggested that if the Members were to raise a Fund by weekly Subscriptions, and invest the same in the purchase of 4 per cent. Consols, Bank Annuities, it would not only be attended with eventual Benefit to the Subscribers, but would also tend to the Benefit of the Society at large, by uniting the members in the Band of Interest with the Bond of Friendship,—which after being fully considered, was agreed to, and two Schemes were calculated and drawn up for that Purpose, and laid before the Society, the one limited the Number of Shares each Member should hold, the other was unlimited, the latter was made choice of, and Rules and Articles to be observed and kept by the Members of the Subscription Fund, were drawn up and signed. The Fund of Charity, is kept distinct from the Benefit or Subscription Stock, and is ever ready with its mite, to assist any worthy Person in Distress.

However incompetent to the Task of bringing about any Thing of Consequence, the Inhabitants of any Place, may appear when taken individually, yet when a Number of them enter into an Association, and are united by the Social Ties of Friendship,—and continually persevere in Mutual Assistance, and in serving the Neighbourhood in which they live, by endeavouring to discharge to the utmost of their Abilities, those Duties which the Community requires of every good Citizen ; it may be fairly inferred that such an Association, may be rendered very useful to any Place, whether it be a populous Town, or a Village in a remote Part of the Kingdom.

The Society of Phils. have continued their weekly Meetings for the Space of nine Years, during which Time the Members have in a Variety of Cases evinced the Utility of their Institution ; and as Institutors also of the Sunday Schools in Hampstead, they have ever been intrusted with the Management of them, a certain Number attending in Rotation, each Lord's Day, as School Inspectors, etc., this Duty has hitherto been discharged by them with Assiduity, Punctuality, and Integrity : and

* Spencer Perceval.

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they esteem it a Trust of Honor, conferred on them by the generous and benevolent Supporters of one of the best of Charities ; and it is their Determination that nothing shall be wanting on their Part, to give Effect to the Institution : well knowing it their Duty as good Citizens, to be as serviceable as possible, and are firmly persuaded that to assist in training up the rising Generation in the Way they should go, is a Service due to the Community ; and the Service of the Community is reciprocal, for a Man cannot serve his Country, without drawing Reputation and Honour on himself.

The Names of the Present Members, in the Order they were first Admitted :—

| | |
|----------------------|------------------------|
| MR. EAGLE CASSWELL. | MR. JOSEPH TODD. |
| MR. RICHARD COOK. | MR. JOHN DONAGHUE. |
| MR. EDWARD PAGE. | MR. THOMAS GROVE. |
| MR. HENRY KAY. | MR. THOMAS PERKINS. |
| MR. THOMAS MITCHELL. | MR. GEORGE BAYNES. |
| MR. JOHN MOBBS. | MR. BENJAMIN BALL. |
| MR. JOHN RUDD. | MR. JOHN CAMPBELL. |
| MR. ROBERT STRACHAN. | MR. JAMES MOSE. |
| MR. JOHN TEAN. | MR. RICHARD COOK, JUN. |
| MR. JOSEPH EVANS. | MR. JOHN BITTON. |
| MR. DANIEL KEENE. | MR. MALKIN. |
| MR. WILLIAM SIMPSON. | MR. SAMUEL MADDOCK. |
| MR. GEORGE WATSON. | MR. THOMAS RICE. |
| MR. THOMAS JEEVES. | MR. JONAS FOX. |
| MR. THOMAS ARMES. | MR. GEORGE SOWARD. |
| MR. WILLIAM LOLHAM. | MR. JOHN ARPIN. |

HAMPSTEAD, *Aug. 23rd, 1790.*

EXPLANATION OF THE DEVICE USED BY THE SOCIETY OF PHILOINVESTIGISTS.

The Nine Letters are the Initials of the Surnames of the first Nine Members who formed this Society : These Initials are placed in the Angles of three equilateral Triangles, so drawn, that no one side can be taken away, without destroying the whole Symetry ; as a Memento to this Society, that when any of its Members shall fail to observe its Laws, they then will destroy the Meaning and Intent of its Institution, which was to bind its Members in the Bond of Social Friendship, by uniformly observing good Rule and Order.

The Bible in the Centre, being shut, alludes to our Law ; wherein is forbidden its Use in Matters of Religious Controversy (we holding all Religious Controversies improper for a Tavern Disputation) ; but at the same Time shews, that though it is shut to the Disputes of this Society, we hold it the greatest Blessing the Divine Being ever bestowed upon His Creatures, and constantly make its Precepts our Rule and Guide.

The PARK

At SION - GARDENS,

HAMPSTEAD,

BEING now flock'd with Deer: *Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays*, in the Afternoon, two Hours before Sun-set, during the Time that Venison is in season, are the Days appointed for killing of Deer.

Every Person that then enters the Park is to pay Twelve Pence, or to take out one Ticket of Ten, Eight, Seven, Five or Four Shillings ; and as many Shillings, as are paid for the Ticket, so many People will be let into the Park on the Day mention'd in the Ticket, to see the Deer shot or run down.

When the Deer is kill'd, it is to be parted into Sixteen Lots, and divided among the Company that took out the Tickets in Manner following, *viz.*: He that has the Ten Shilling Ticket is to have a Fillet of the said Venison ; the Eight Shilling Ticket a Shoulder, the Seven a Loyn, the Five one half of the

Neck

Neck or Breast, and the Four Shilling Ticket the Knuckle. They that take out their Tickets first, are to have the first Choice; which will be known by the Number on the Tickets.

Those Persons who desire it, may have a Ticket for a Haunch or a Side.

If it shall at any time so happen, that the full Price of the Deer is not rais'd among the whole Company present, and there shall be no Deer kill'd at that time, then the Money receiv'd for the Tickets is to remain in the Keeper's Hand till the Sum is made up, of which Notice is to be given, when it is.

Such Persons as shall at any time want a whole Deer, may have one out of the Park, at an Hour's Warning, *Sundays* excepted. The first Deer will be killed on *Saturday* the 21st of this Instant *May*. Tickets will be deliver'd out for the future on any Week-day.

Now as this Park is intended to keep a good Herd of Deer always ready to kill, to serve all Persons present Occasions; any Gentlemen, or others, that have any great or small Number of Deer to dispose of, they may, upon giving Notice to the Keeper, have ready Money for the same, at the Delivery of the Deer from their Parks or Paddocks; and they shall be at no Charge or Hazard in the Carriage or Removing of the Deer, Waggon being kept for that purpose, and also a Toil is already provided to take the Deer in upon occasion.

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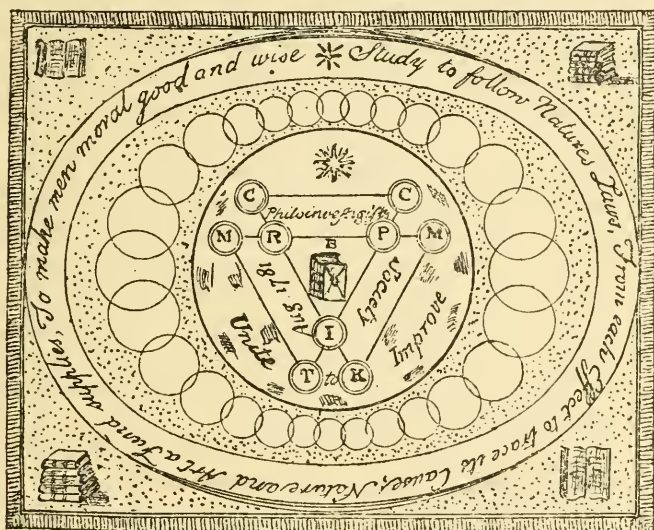
The Clouds represent Man in the State of Nature, uninformed and uncultivated.

By the Star is represented Man in the State of social Improvement, producing his Sentiments in Society, and shining among his Brethren like a Star in the Firmament.

The Motto *Unite to Improve* is thus to be understood. We unite our Abilities each other to improve.

The Circle enclosing these significant Characters, is here used as an Emblem of the Creator and Preserver of All! having neither Beginning nor Ending.

The Ellipsis of small Circles, represents the Sciences, some tending to a greater Use, others to a less, forming together the whole Chain of



Knowledge; These Circles being drawn in an Ellipse alludes to the Motion of the Heavenly Bodies in their Elliptical Orbits.

The Books point out to us the ready Road to Knowledge, containing the Observations and Sentiments of those worthy Men, who have devoted their Time and Talents to the Improvement of the Human Understanding; and have left their laborious Researches and Remarks recorded in them for our Instruction, and to guide us in the Paths of true Religion and Virtue, that we may pass through this Life with Happiness to ourselves, Benefit to the Community, and close this mortal Scene, with this comfortable Reflection, that a well spent Life gives a rational and reviving Hope of a better in the Regions of eternal Bliss! prepared for all those who virtuously live, and steadfastly die, in the Faith of a *Blessed Redeemer*.

Hampstead Note Book.

WITCHCRAFT AT HAMPSTEAD.

During the seventeenth century, although witchcraft became so widespread throughout England, there were comparatively few cases in the county of Middlesex. In the interesting series of the Session Rolls, published by the Middlesex Record Society, it appears that only eleven persons were indicted on this charge in the reign of James I., to wit:—Alice Bradley, Rose Mersam, Agnes Godfrey, Dorothy Magieke, William Hunt, Joan Hunt, Elizabeth Rutter, Anne Branch, Agnes Berry, Agnes Miller, and Anne Beaver. Of these, only three,—Joan Hunt, Agnes Berry, and Elizabeth Rutter—were sentenced to death for their alleged dealings with the Evil One. Of eleven persons shown by extant bills to have been indicted for witchcraft in the time of Elizabeth, seven were acquitted; one fell dead in court after pleading “Not Guilty;” the bill of indictment against another bears no minutes, and only two of the eleven appear to have been found guilty and sentenced to death. And yet throughout England thousands of old, and even young, women were put to a shameful death, three thousand alone being executed during the Long Parliament; a period when the persecution is supposed to have raged with less virulence. During the first eighty years of the seventeenth century the number has been estimated at 40,000. Unless, therefore, the passionate extravagances and cruel excesses of the witch-mania in other shires has been strongly exaggerated, Middlesex was honourably distinguished among the English counties by comparative exemption from a fanatical and debasing delusion.

Three of these unfortunate people,—Alice Bradley, William Hunt, yeoman, and Joan Hunt, his wife,—were natives of Hampstead. Alice Bradley, widow, evidently had a bad reputation, and four distinct charges were made against her. She was accused in 1605 of having “at the instigation of the Devil practised witchcraftes, inchauntementes, charmes, and sorceries wickedly, diabolically, and feloniously against and upon a certain Robert Philpott, six years of age, so that he languished and wasted in his body for twenty days through the same wicked arts and has so continued and remained even until now.” She was also accused of having bewitched “two heafers worth two pounds of the goods and chattels of Philip Barrett, so that she thereby killed and slew the same”; and “four hogges worth fifty shillings of the goods and chattels of Robert James, so that she killed and slew the same hogs.” The chief charge, which evidently brought about the prosecution, was that she had lately practised “witchcraftes” on the person of Margaret James, so that the said Margaret “languished and wasted in her body for the space of three days and has so continued and

Hampstead Note Book.

remained." It says much for the humanity of the Bench that she was acquitted of all four indictments. Too often, especially in the Midlands and eastern counties, the death penalty was enforced, although an act of 1604 provided a year's imprisonment and the pillory once a quarter for the first offence.

One of these same superstitious farmers, Robert James, also attached suspicion to the Hunts, who were likewise accused of causing the ailments of his children. He was apparently over-ruled by Sir William Waade, a humane justice of the peace, for in 1615 Alice James was ordered by the Court to ask forgiveness of the latter for speaking of him as "having slubbered up the matter of witchcraft touching Hunt and his wife." A few months later both Hunt and his wife were tried at the Old Bailey on a charge of having "practised and exercised certain diabolical arts called witchcraftes, inchauntements, charmes, and sorceries upon and against a certain Richard Parrett, so that he languished and wasted from the said 4th of March to the 29th of the same month, and still remained greatly consumed and injured by the same wicked practice." William Hunt was also accused of bewitching a gelding of Robert James and of bewitching Alice James. Joan Hunt was likewise accused of "murdering Robert Hill by witchcraft." On this occasion they were both acquitted. Next year, however, Joan Hunt was placed in the dock by herself to answer to the charge of having bewitched John Nuttinge, an infant aged three years, "so that the said John Nuttinge sickened and languished from the said 28th of March to the 10th day of April, then next following, on which last named day he died of the said exercise of the said devilish arts." Joan Hunt was found guilty and condemned to be hanged.

F. COLMER.

THE PARK, SION GARDENS, HAMPSTEAD.

THIS most interesting "notice," which Miss Quaritch has allowed to be copied, probably relates to the grounds of Belsize House. This is shown by the reference to the hunting and killing of deer, which pastime is also referred to in other advertisements of the period, *circa* 1720, concerning Belsize House. It also gives a clue to the whereabouts of Sion Chapel, said by all writers on Hampstead, to be situated in Well Walk in connection with the Wells. There was a chapel forming part of the buildings of the Belsize property in its earliest days, and probably some subsequent owner re-named the estate Sion Park, and the Chapel would naturally be also known by this name. In various old rate-books the Belsize property is referred to as "Belsize House, Park, Orchard, Wilderness and Gardens." There has never been any mention of deer-hunting in connection with the Wells; and, during its hey-day, Belsize had far more attractions than the former place.

E. E. NEWTON.

Hampstead Note Book.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE following books, written and edited by writers who are associated with Hampstead, or referring to Hampstead, have appeared during the past twelve months :—

"The Small Ends of Great Problems," by Brooke Herford ; "The Autobiography of Sir Walter Besant," ; "The Holy Land," by John Kelman, illustrated by John Fulleylove ; "The Life of Dr. Parker," by W. Adamson ; "London" (Dent's Mediæval Town Series), by H. B. Wheatley ; "Michael Angelo Buonarroti," by Charles Holroyd ; "Life and Letters of Dr. Martineau," by James Drummond and C. B. Upton ; "Dissolution of Dissent," by Robert F. Horton ; "London in the Eighteenth Century," by Sir Walter Besant ; "An Illustrated History of English Literature," by Richard Garnett and Edmund Gosse ; "The Relation of Science to Art," by Sir Samuel Wilks ; "Grammar of Prophecy," by R. B. Girdlestone ; "A Prologue, and other Fragments in Verse," by Hugh N. Burgh ; "The King's Agent," by Arthur Paterson ; "From a Turret Window," by Annie S. Swan ; "An Essay on Laughter," by James Sully ; "London" (Highways and Byways Series), by Mrs. E. T. Cook ; "How I Killed the Tiger," by Colonel Sheffield ; "Modern Spiritualism," by Frank Podmore ; "The House under the Sea," by Max Pemberton ; "The Siege of York," by Beatrice Marshall ; "Twixt Dog and Wolf," by C. F. Keary ; "Hampstead and Marylebone," by G. E. Mitton ; "Dove Dale Revisited," by E. Marston ; "Mallet du Pan and the French Revolution," by Bernard Mallet ; "Filida and Corydon," by Gwendolen Forwood ; "Who's Who at the Zoo," by Beatrice Thompson.

EDITORS' NOTES.

Our very hearty thanks are due to all the contributors of articles and poems to this year's *Annual* ; and to the following ladies and gentlemen who have kindly permitted us to reproduce views and portraits from their collections : Miss Quaritch, Mrs. Charles Woodd, Mrs. Redfern, Mr. A. R. Gillman, and Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

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